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COACHING AT NEWPORT—THE START WITH A FRESH TEAM.
Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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CONTENTS, NO. 2018.

COACHING AT NEWPORT. Illustration. Max F. Klepper.
EDITORIALS.
THE U. S. ARMORED CRUISER *Brooklyn*. Ill'd. R. G. Skerrett.
THOMAS HOVENDEN. With Portrait.
THE OLD MERCHANT. C. H. Augur.
JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN. With Portrait. David G. Phillips.
LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.
A CRY FOR HELP FROM CHINA. Julian Ralph.
FINLAND'S RELATIONS TO RUSSIA. Herman Montague Donner.
REASONS FOR RAISINS. Illustrated. Nellie Blessing Eyster.
GEORGE DU MAURIER, OF *Punch*. Ill'd. M. H. Spielman.
FOUR POEMS TRANSLATED FROM the Russian of A. S. Pushkin. Charles A. Dana.
PANORAMIC VIEWS OF NEW York Yacht Club Fleet in Newport and New London Harbors.
HIS FATHER'S SON. Serial Story. Seventh Instalment. Ill'd. Brander Matthews.
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FLEET in Newport Harbor. Night Illumination. Carlton Chapman.
A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX. Serial Story. Part II. Ill'd. J. K. Bangs.
THE FUGITIVE OF TEZCO. Short Story. Ill'd. E. M. Bacon.
THIS BUSY WORLD. E. S. Martin.
NO PUBLIC LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON. G. G. Bain.
CARTOON. Then and Now. Thomas Nast.
AMATEUR SPORT. An Englishman's Views of *Valkyrie III*. Portrait of Commodore Brown. Comments on Yachting and Tennis. Caspar W. Whitney.
A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH the West. Second Paper. Progress of City Rule—Chicago and Buffalo. Julian Ralph.

THE FUTURE OF PARTIES IN ENGLAND.

THE reasons given by the English Liberals for their stupendous discomfiture at the late Parliamentary elections are as plenty as blackberries: They had no leader who would arouse popular enthusiasm; they were in every way ill prepared for the campaign; in a large number of constituencies they had no proper candidates; their Irish allies were quarrelling among themselves and with everybody else, and thus discrediting their cause; the labor men stabbed the Liberals in the back by running third candidates; the brewers and publicans threw their influence against them on account of an attempt at legislation unfavorable to the liquor interest; their campaign funds did not come in as freely as formerly; in consequence of all this there was in their ranks a general feeling of despondency preventing hearty work—and so on. It is not at all improbable that every one of these influences did something to swell the Conservative majorities; but one reason alone was perfectly sufficient to account for the defeat of the Liberals, which, in fact, for a considerable time everybody had foreseen as surely coming.

The Liberal party had for several decades been under the leadership of the most impressive public character Great Britain had produced in this century. Since the days of the elder PITT no political chieftain exercised during so long a period so large and commanding an influence over the minds of so many serious-minded people in Great Britain as Mr. GLADSTONE. This was not owing to very extraordinary depth of insight in human affairs or steadiness of principle or opinion on his part, for Mr. GLADSTONE was not above the weakness of forming strong opinions upon hasty impressions, and it is not without reason that he has been charged with having been on several sides of various important questions. Nor was it owing merely to his splendid abilities as an orator and a Parliamentary tactician, for such abilities are really only subsidiary elements of strength. It has rather been owing to the combination of his brilliant qualities and accomplishments with a peculiar force of moral earnestness. This enabled Mr. GLADSTONE to wield so great and so long a sway, notwithstanding the fact that some of the policies he stood for were not such as would easily win popular sympathy by themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE'S conduct of foreign affairs was too irresolute and weak to flatter British pride; and his attempt to give home-rule to Ireland alienated many of the traditional supporters of the Liberal party, and even some of his warmest personal friends, and was really never popular in England. It was the rare moral force of his earnestness through which he under such circumstances held to the Liberal party a large number of adherents, who believed rather in him than in his measures.

The importance of this element of personal strength became apparent as soon as Mr. GLADSTONE retired from active public life. Any successor in the leadership of the Liberal party would have found his task discouragingly hard. But it would have been difficult to find a man less fitted to fill the place of Mr. GLADSTONE than Lord ROSEBERY. By his juvenile boast that he would "marry the richest heiress in England, win the Derby, and be Prime Minister," he had betrayed a character essentially frivolous, taking the serious business of life somewhat as a matter of sport. The moral difference between GLADSTONE and him was painful to behold. The English people can, indeed, endure much lightness of tone when they see an earnest purpose behind. But no sooner had Lord ROSEBERY attained his goal as to the Premiership than it became apparent that he did not know what to do with it, and that he had no earnest purpose or conviction of duty at all. His advocacy of the Gladstonian policies, or of any policy, was wavering, equivocal, and perfunctory, and his administration became one of the wretchedest failures in history. The support that had been commanded by the force of GLADSTONE'S moral earnestness fell away, and crushing defeat followed. The greatness of that defeat, however, revealed also the essential weakness of the Gladstonian policies as a party programme; they could not stand without being propped up by his powerful personality. The result is that the Liberal party is left on the stage as a mere opposition party, without leaders of the first class, and also without a very definite plan of policy to be carried out, in case it should be returned to power, upon which all its constituent elements can heartily unite. But as an opposition it will no doubt find great opportunities for harassing the enemy.

Owing to the inability of the Liberals to make a good fight, the Tories, with their Unionist allies, could win the field without a well-defined budget of promises on their part. To be sure, their leaders dropped a hint here and there as to what they would do to make the people happy—in the way of bettering the condition of the working classes, of curing the distress of the agriculturists, of giving the Irish what might be good for them, of maintaining the constitution and the power and glory of Great Britain, and so on—but all these hints were shadows without tangible substance. The Tories thus go into power virtually unpledged as to anything. This may appear to be a comfortable position, but it has its peculiar dangers. An opposition can live on negation, but a party in power cannot. Positive measures with regard to many things will have to be resolved upon; and then the fact that the SALISBURY cabinet is a coalition ministry may loom up in dangerous importance. Coalition ministries in England have never lived long. The ministry of Tories and Whigs under Lord NORTH and CHARLES JAMES FOX lasted from April to December, 1782, eight and a half months; the "ministry of all the talents," under Lord SIDMOUTH and FOX, from February, 1806, to March, 1807, thirteen months; and the ministry of Whigs and Peelites, under Lord ABERDEEN, from December, 1852, to February, 1855, a little over twenty-five months. It is not improbable at all that the SALISBURY ministry will meet a similar fate. Points of divergence between the true-blue Tories and their allies, the Liberal-Unionists, will not be wanting. We will mention only two of them. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should earnestly press any of his state-socialistic schemes for ameliorating the condition of the laboring classes, which, it would seem, he is bound to do in order to preserve his peculiar significance in the politics of his country, it is almost certain that among his Tory colleagues he will encounter an opposition which will make a further stay in the cabinet very uncomfortable even to so accomplished a trimmer as he is. Far more dangerous still to the longevity of the coalition is the natural inclination of the Tories to alleviate agricultural distress by the quackery of protective tariff duties. It is more than probable that such a measure would quickly remind the Liberal-Unionists of their old principles and affiliations, and a breach would be almost inevitable. There are other perilous rocks in plenty.

It may be said that the Tories have too large a majority in the Commons to be troubled by small defections. This is a mistake. Very large majorities are dangerous. They bring forth reckless overconfidence among the leaders and a reckless independence undermining discipline among the members. That the Tories would still have a majority if the Liberal-Unionists left them is true. But that majority would be very small, and the defection of the Liberal-Unionists would inevitably draw after it sufficient defections among the Conservatives to defeat the government.

It is probable that Lord SALISBURY will seek and find in the conduct of foreign affairs a source of strength for his government which may help it over many of the embarrassments in store for it. The art of appearing self-asserting and vigorous in the international transactions of the world without dangerous embroilment, of exercising an influence by boldness of attitude, of extracting advantage from the quarrels of other nations, and of thus winning prestige and humoring the national pride of the people, has been brought to higher perfection in England than anywhere else, especially by the Tories. And there being now abundant opportunity for its exercise in the Old World, we may expect to see this art again in full play. But even this will hardly insure to the SALISBURY government a long life if the Tories give rein to their reactionary tendencies and the Liberals find a new leader capable of rallying their shattered forces.

THREE CONVENTIONS.

WITHIN a few weeks there have been held three Democratic State conventions, or rather two Democratic conventions and one convention of Democrats. On the whole they have not been disappointing to the friends of honest money, but they might have been more encouraging. That they did not hold much of hope for the Democratic party is not of great consequence. Two of them, or the circumstances attending them, show that the anti-silver movement is strong enough in two States that have been counted on by the silver men to intimidate many of the politicians. To have forced a considerable number of politicians into that attitude of fear is to have gained a good deal, but there is a good deal more to be gained than this before the currency struggle is settled.

The Iowa Democrats defeated a resolution in favor of the free and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 by an overwhelming majority. It is to be regretted that they did not adopt a frank and definite platform in its place. They were content to shuffle and evade, but in doing so they showed clearly enough that the cause of silver is not reviving in Iowa. As much, at least, was accomplished in 1893, when the Iowa Democrats insisted that the government ought to maintain the parity of the two metals, and declared that the "dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value." The convention which uttered this doctrine was held on August 23d, five days before the passage through the House of Representatives of the bill repealing the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act. In 1891 the New York Democrats adopted this phrase: "We are against the coinage of any dollar which is not of the intrinsic value of any other dollar of the United States." It was then thought that the insertion of this phrase in the platform of a party dominated by HILL was a triumph for the friends of honest money, and there was much rejoicing when the Iowa Democrats, two years later, followed the excellent example. The Iowa Democrats have not progressed since then; but it is, perhaps, cause for rejoicing that they have not been influenced by the strenuous silver campaign that was organized and carried on for the purpose of securing the passage by the last convention of a free-silver resolution.

In Missouri Mr. BLAND and his friends have held a convention at Pertle Springs. They denominated it a Democratic convention, and it was regularly called by the State Committee. But what happened in Illinois earlier in the summer happened also in Missouri. We learn from a correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, writing from Warrensburg, Missouri, that BLAND and his followers "had everything their own way. The Democrats who disagree with them made no effort whatever to contest the delegations in any county in the State."

In Mississippi also the free-silver men had everything their own way in the Democratic convention. It cannot be said that this was a surprise, for it had been known for several weeks before the convention that Mr. CATCHINGS would probably be defeated in his effort to induce his party friends not to declare for the free coinage of silver.

As we have already said, the utterances of these conventions are not disappointing, although they might have been more encouraging. In Iowa the Democratic politicians are afraid of the anti-silver sentiment, but they are not yet certain that honest money is popular. In Missouri the anti-free-coinage movement has gained so much of a foothold that many Democrats had the courage to decline to attend BLAND'S convention. This fact may rob his assemblage and its resolutions of much of their force, for the convention is therefore recognized as a mere gathering of silver men, and not truly representative of the Democratic party of Missouri. In Mississippi the friends of honest money have evidently lost the battle, because they have not had the time to carry on a thorough campaign of education. The State ought not to be in the toils of the free-coinage men. Its State and local indebtedness is comparatively light, and some of its agricultural lands are of great productiveness. But it contains few cities, and these are very small, so that the silver idea, having been once spread abroad through the rural spaces, the difficulty of the task of catching up with it is enormous. Documents have been distributed and meetings held,

but meetings cannot be made as impressive in a thinly settled rural community as they can be in or near thickly settled towns and cities, while the admirable work that has been carried on by the New York Chamber of Commerce, as recently explained by Mr. GUSTAV H. SCHWAB, cannot be effectively pursued in a short time except where there are local business men gathered in cities with whom correspondence can be maintained.

The three conventions demonstrate the necessity of renewed and more earnest activity on the part of the friends of honest money. In a former article on this point we said that the Sound Currency Committee of the Reform Club was the only honest-money agency whose zeal had not diminished. Since then we have learned that the Chamber of Commerce is doing excellent service in a quiet way. But that not half enough is being done is shown by the actual results attained. So far the silver men have won in Mississippi, and the honest-money men have won no definite victory anywhere. The only good accomplished is the checking of the tide that a few months ago was setting strongly in favor of free coinage. If the friends of honest money, including the men who know that the prosperity of the whole country is dependent on the defeat of free coinage, were as much in earnest as their opponents, the tide would have set in their direction. If the South could be made to understand, as it might be by concerted and persistent effort, that capital will not enter it for the purpose of developing its resources, and thereby take the chances of loss from the possible adoption of silver monometallism, there would be the less likelihood that other States would follow the example of Mississippi. At the end of July the private deposits in the Bank of England amounted to £41,500,000, against £33,750,000 six months before, and £38,000,000 a year before. This large sum of money has been drawing from one-half to two per cent. interest partly by reason of the doubts felt by investors in any American securities but those of the very first class. What is true of capital in Great Britain is also true of capital here; and if our capitalists were as enterprising and as bold as the silver-miners, it would not be long before the South, at least, would be convinced that its interests are with those who are struggling against the effort to debase our currency.

One good turn was done by the BLAND convention which ought not to be overlooked. It did not shirk the issue. It did not pretend that it wanted "parity maintained," or "one dollar as good as any other," or international bimetallism. It demanded the "free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold into primary or redemption money at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the action or approval of any other nation." This is frank and honest. It expresses the desire of all silver men. It is the demand of the defeated minority of the Iowa convention and of the Mississippi Democrats. It is a demand for silver monometallism, and is, no doubt, intended as such by Mr. BLAND and his associates and followers. On this point are united all the men who will vote for legislation in behalf of free coinage in the present and doubtless in the next Congress. Under these circumstances, what side do the honest and philosophic international bimetallists intend to take? Granted that there must be one kind of monometallism in this country, will they favor gold monometallism and a larger commercial intercourse with Europe, or silver monometallism and the Mexicanization of our commerce, to the profit of the money-broker, and the loss of the farmer, the merchant, and the wage-earner?

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

THE proceeding before Comptroller BOWLER to persuade him to pay the sugar bounty provided for in an appropriation bill furnishes a striking illustration of the lengths to which seekers after money from the Federal Treasury will go. A sum of money was appropriated by Congress to pay a bounty to sugar-growers. The grant of that bounty has been declared to be unconstitutional by the highest tribunal before which it has been brought. The contention thus sustained was made by Mr. CLEVELAND's administration, speaking through the Attorney-General. As Congress made this appropriation in a bill containing other items, the President could not veto the objectionable feature of the measure without vetoing the whole. As the administration, therefore, had contended that Congress has not the constitutional power to grant bounties to private persons to be paid out of the public funds, and as its position had been sustained by the courts, it was to have been expected that it would do all in its power to prevent what it considered this unlawful expenditure of $5,000,000. There was only one way to accomplish that. The law has clothed the Comptroller of the Treasury with power to refuse any payment not warranted by law. His office, or at least this function of it, is not unknown to the State governments. It is the common practice for the financial officers of the government to refuse payment in order that the legality of the demand may be determined. There is no other method of securing a judicial decision at the command of the government. Its executive officers cannot ask its judicial officers to restrain a payment authorized or commanded by its legislative body. The Executive has been granted the power to judge for itself as to the constitutionality of a proposed law, and to check its passage by a veto. It has also the power, when a veto cannot or does not operate, to compel a claimant under the law to bring an action in court to recover the money which he claims to be due to him. If Mr. BOWLER shall finally determine that the sugar bounty is unconstitutional, he will simply be compelling a judicial determination of the question. The sugar-growers can bring an action at once, and the issue will be decided in a few months by the Supreme Court.

It is Mr. BOWLER's duty, in our opinion, to compel such a decision. The country is deeply interested in the issue involved. The subject is broader and deeper than the mere question affecting the sugar-bounty claimants. It covers the whole ground of Congressional power over the public moneys. It involves a radical departure from what have hitherto been supposed to be the constitutional relations of the three departments of the government to one another. If the counsel for the sugar-planters are correct in the argument they have made to Comptroller BOWLER, Congress has the power to expend the public money as it will. It was frankly argued that the law-making power might thus repair any damage or undo any injustice it might have worked through previous legislation. It was held that the executive power has no right to inquire as to the constitutionality of a law, but that it must obey every statute which Congress might see fit to pass. It was pointed out that Congress has more than once given away the public moneys in charity, and the conclusion was reached that in this way a precedent has been established which would uphold Congress in claiming absolute and complete immunity in the matter of expenditures. In this respect, so the logic of the arguments ran, Congress is above the Constitution, and is as potent as the British Parliament, which may change the fundamental law of the empire by a mere bill.

It is to secure a decision on this important question that Mr. BOWLER will refuse to pay the sugar bounty, if he concludes that he has the power. And it is certainly a question that ought to be decided. The Constitution limits the objects for which Congress may expend the public moneys. The Supreme Court of the United States has more than once decided that bounties may not be granted in aid of private business. If, however, there is no power in the government to bring a law of Congress before the judiciary, then the constitutional limitations are of no avail, and Congress may do as it pleases with the funds raised by taxation. As the matter now stands, in the particular case under consideration, if Mr. BOWLER cannot refuse payment, Congress has successfully defied the Constitution, or at least evaded the rulings and interpretation of the Supreme Court.

TAMMANY IS ORGANIZED.

TAMMANY has organized itself. There has been no reorganization nor any attempt at one, so far as outsiders can learn. Ex-Mayor GRANT's scheme of an advisory committee of respectable Democrats not offensive to Tammany Democrats seems to have been abandoned. The "boys" wanted no outside interference. They are shrewd enough to understand that they must control an organization or there is no political life for them. Even JOHN J. MARTIN or ex-Mayor GILROY or HENRY D. PURROY does not suspect that he possesses an individual potency sufficient to put him at the head of affairs in the city of New York.

As Tammany is now organized, it is ready for a "deal." That is the meaning of such an organization as that which was made the other evening, when the old commanders, CROKER excepted, were kept in control. If Tammany had reorganized on the ideal plan, the "boys" would have been retired for a season at least, and to some respectable and perhaps well-meaning figure-heads would have been given nominations. Not a DELMAR nor a MARTIN nor a GRADY nor a DIVVER would have shown his face until the "boys" had become satisfied that they could get along without the figure-heads. Evidently the time has not come, however, in the opinion of the "boys," when the necessity for retiring is absolute. There may be a chance yet. One defeat is not to be counted as destruction. On the whole, it is better for the community that this should be the state of mind of those who are in control of the Hall. It is well to know that a triumph of Tammany means, in the end, the return of DIVVER or his like to some place of power and trust. It may not be to the bench of the police justice, but if Tammany has its way it will be to some place where the poor, helpless, ignorant, and vicious may be tyrannized over, robbed, and blackmailed.

Tammany must "deal," because it cannot fight. It has no patronage nor revenue. The police are organized against it. The foreigner who peddles fruit is not so ignorant as to pay a Tammany district leader for protection. Vice knows that it cannot purchase any immunity in Fourteenth Street. The liquor-dealers are not in the power of CROKER's successors. Still, Tammany has voters, and so long as there is a predatory class in New York it will have interested well-wishers. It is therefore worth the while of any corrupt politician or organization to "deal" with it, and the "boys" in Tammany prefer to get for themselves as much as they can make out of a "deal," rather than to wait for several years of enforced respectability for a return to any share whatever in the pelf and power of this rich and great city.

What Tammany has done and what it will do in the near future, and the kind of men who will consent to "deal" with it, will furnish students of municipal government throughout the country with an interesting subject.

COLONIAL LEGISLATION AND INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused among British authors and publishers by reason of the attempt to obtain proclamation of the Canadian copyright act of 1889. This act was "assented to" May 2, 1889, to "come into force on a day to be named by proclamation of the Governor-General." At the request of the imperial government a Canadian representative has been sent to England to discuss the copyright question with the imperial authorities, and in the mean time proclamation is withheld.

The particular provision of this act which is most objectionable to the British author and publisher is the one which requires, as a condition of obtaining copyright in Canada, that a book, etc., shall be printed and published or reproduced in Canada within thirty days after publication elsewhere, in default of which any Canadian printer may lawfully print and publish the same, being obliged, however, to give security to pay to the author a royalty of ten per cent. upon the retail price of such publication.

If a law containing such a provision is established in one of the British colonies, copyright throughout the imperial domain may be burdened with the requirement of separate publication in each of the colonies, which would be especially embarrassing to the British author.

A question of more general importance, if the right of colonial legislation upon copyright be admitted, will be the effect of such legislation upon international copyright.

The act of 1889, above referred to, contains this provision, limiting the persons who may obtain copyright:

> "Any person domiciled in Canada, or in any part of the British possessions, or any citizen of any country which has an international copyright treaty with the United Kingdom, in which Canada is included, who is the author," etc.

This raises the question whether citizens of the United States could obtain copyright in Canada even by printing and publishing there, for there is no international copyright treaty between the United States and the United Kingdom.

There can be little doubt that if the absolute right of Canada to legislate upon copyright is admitted by the imperial government, the United States international copyright law cannot long endure, and British authors will suffer in consequence. The Canadian market, considered as a market for Canadian readers, is of very little importance, but the Canadian market considered as a vantage-ground from which to send unauthorized reprints into the United States is of very serious consequence.

This presents practical questions which have already been forced upon our authors by a late ruling of the Treasury Department of the United States.

Heretofore the proprietors of United States copyrights have had the aid of our Treasury Department in preventing the importation into the United States of unauthorized reprints of their works coming from abroad, so that careful authors, aided by the customs officers, have succeeded in fairly maintaining their copyright property. Of course this has not been done absolutely, for the long frontier gives special facilities for the passing into the United States of the garbled and trashy reprints coming from the Canadian presses. But the author has had his market fairly free from them. The importation of such copies being unlawful, and involving forfeitures and damages, the authors, when aided by the Treasury Department, have had practical facilities for protecting their rights, and seldom had occasion to resort to legal proceedings.

By this new ruling, however, the Treasury Department has taken the position, in effect, that authors shall no longer have its aid in cases where not more than two copies of a work are imported, and that in such cases, if the copies imported are unauthorized reprints, the owner of the copyright must resort for relief to the courts, and bring his action for the forfeiture of the copies and for damages. As these reprints are generally of the very poorest quality, and sell for about twenty-five cents each, the duty upon them is also remitted under Article 1036, Customs Regulations of 1892.

The effect of this ruling, which was promulgated last spring, has already been felt in the market, and the unauthorized reprints can now be readily obtained. Indeed, under such circumstances this could not be otherwise. It is well known that the TAUCHNITZ reprints find their way through English custom-houses in great numbers, notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the customs officers to prevent it, aided by the publishers who honestly desire that the importation into England of such reprints should not take place.

Unless our Treasury Department recedes from its present position, and co-operates with the authors as heretofore, the unauthorized Canadian reprints will seriously endanger the market value of all domestic copyrights, and materially reduce the profits of our authors.

This extraordinary ruling of Secretary CARLISLE could, we think, be reversed on a proper presentation, and we are surprised at the indifference so far shown by American authors to the injurious significance of this ruling.

THOMAS HOVENDEN.

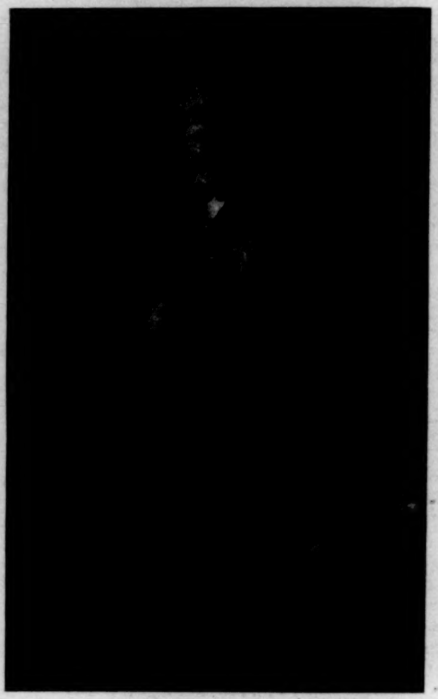
The days of Thomas Hovenden, a painter of distinguished merit, were abruptly closed at Norristown, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of August.

How Thomas Hovenden lost his life is a pathetic human drama. Seeing a little girl on the railroad track, a locomotive thundering down on her, with superb indifference to his own danger he sprang to her rescue, and then and there the man and the child found sudden death.

It was a heroic act, one of almost self-immolation. Hovenden staked his life to rescue another's, and nobly lost it. A finer story of gallant manhood, of intense human sympathy, of dauntless courage, you may never read.

Thomas Hovenden was born in Dunmanway, County Cork, Ireland, in 1840, and was fifty-five years old when he died, and was therefore in the maturity of his artistic powers. Showing when a child exceeding cleverness in drawing, his art education began at an early age at the Cork School of Design. Coming to the United States in 1863, he became a pupil in the National Academy of Design. At once, under new influences, the talent Hovenden showed made him many friends and secured him orders. In 1874 he was in Paris, and selecting Cabanel for master, he entered the École des Beaux-Arts. His return to the country of his adoption was in 1880. In 1881 he was chosen as an associate of the National Academy of Design, and in the next year became an Academician. He was a member of the Society of American Artists, of the American Water-color Society, of the Philadelphia Society of Artists, and of the New York Etching Club.

The first notable piece of work painted by Hovenden was "The Breton Interior of 1793." This picture established his fame. There was the contrast between the honest, God-fearing Breton peasants and their preparation for a war of extermination. One painting of his, "Breaking Old Ties," at once brought the artist in close sympathy with the people. The subject was so touchingly told that it was engraved, and became highly popular. This picture won him honors at the World's Fair at Chicago. Among his other principal works are "A Brittany Woman Spinning," "Pleasant News," "The Image-Seller" (Paris Salon, 1876), "News from the Conscript," "Peasant Soldier of La Vendée," "The Breton Interior," "Last Moments of John Brown," "Taking his Ease," "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," "The Favorite Falcon," and "Elaine." As a painter Mr. Hovenden made a direct impress on American art. Apart from that conscientious study of detail, Thomas Hovenden had a strong and vigorous touch, and he was a colorist of distinguished merit. It was in the selection of his subjects that he was always fortunate. He never sought to convey what was the violent but the natural effect, and so his incidents, as he worked them out on the canvas, always went to the heart.



THOMAS HOVENDEN.
From a Photograph by W. H. Richardson.

ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."

The generous praises won abroad by the *New York* are partly indicative of what we should expect for her larger and more formidable classmate, the *Brooklyn*, whose principal dimensions and general features are: Length on load water-line, 400 feet 6 inches; beam, extreme, 64 feet 8½ inches; mean draught, 24 feet; normal displacement, 9271 tons; normal coal-supply, 900 tons, with a possible bunker capacity of 1753 tons, yielding a radius of action, at ten knots, of 6200 knots.

Her high free-board forward, aside from the assurance of better weatherliness, raises the forward turret correspondingly, and adds to the effectiveness of its two 8-inch guns in almost any fighting condition of the sea, while affording more commodious accommodations for the crew of 500 men; and the "tumble-home" of the sides amidships gives an easier curve of stability, allows a complete fore-and-aft fire of the broadside turret guns, and offsets the increased weight due to the added forecastle-deck.

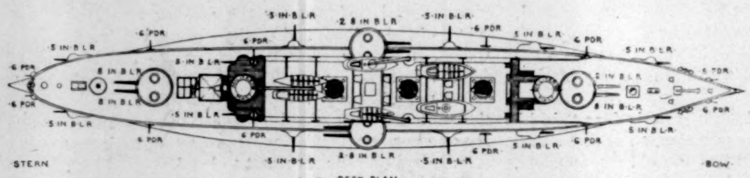
Two military masts, ascended within, placed well away from the centre of an enemy's fire, will carry 1 pounder and Gatling guns in their tops, the ammunition-supply coming up inside, while signal-yards on each mast will afford means for the display of electric and flag signals.

Beneath the foremast, on the upper deck, will rest the 7½-inch conning-tower of hardened steel.

Within, a protective deck of steel, at its thinnest 2½ inches thick, will be worked from stem to stern, 3 and 6 inches respectively on the flat and the slopes at the sides over the "vitals," and augmented by many feet of coal. For a distance of 190 feet amidships and outside, 4 feet above and 4 feet 3 inches below the 24-foot water-line, a belt of Harveyized steel 3 inches thick will shield the wind-and-water region throughout the engine, boiler, and magazine spaces. Within the armor belt and outside plating, above the protective deck, and throughout the entire length of the ship, there will be a belt of cellulose 3½ feet wide.

The vessel will have twin screws; and the motive power, consisting of four separate sets of triple-expansion engines, working independently, two on each shaft, and each in its own water-tight compartment, is a duplication of the *New York's*, the forward engines designed, for the sake of economy, to uncouple, leaving the after engines to do the work at cruising speeds. The development of 17,400 indicated horse-power when making 134 revolutions a minute, the five double-ended boilers supplying steam at a working pressure of 160 pounds, can safely be counted upon inducing, upon her trial displacement of 8150 tons, a speed possibly greater than 21 knots, while the *Brooklyn's* greater length of 20 feet and finer "lines" promise a sustained sea speed, under service conditions and upon her normal displacement, quite as great as that of the *New York*.

The main battery consists of eight 8-inch breech-loading rifles and twelve 5-inch rapid-fire rifles. The 8-inch guns, in pairs, are housed in four 5½-inch Harveyized steel turrets, revolving within barbettes of the same material 8 inches thick throughout their exposed portions. The guns in the forward and after turrets can fire through an arc of 310°, while those in the broadside turrets have a train from right ahead to right astern through 180°.



U·S·S BROOKLYN.

The 5-inch guns are disposed along the sides on the main and gun decks, protected by splinter bulkheads of 1½-inch steel plates worked between these gun stations.

The twelve 6-pounder rapid-fire guns are placed where they may give the most efficient service against torpedo-boat attack, at the same time protected from return fire of guns of similar calibre.

Auxiliary engines and steam power in many different directions will add wonderfully to the safety and efficiency of the ship. The vessel will be lighted by electricity, and all the modern conveniences common to our new craft will be installed in ample fulness upon the *Brooklyn*.

Authorized by act of Congress approved July 19, 1892, the keel was laid a trifle over a year later, at Cramp's, in Philadelphia, to whom the work was awarded upon a contract price of $2,986,000.

Of her type and displacement the *Brooklyn* is without a peer, and in armament and protection is a development which the Chino-Japanese war has confirmed—a fact that justifies the congratulation of our far-seeing naval architects, and emphasizes that independence of design that has characterized the vessels of our newest navy.

R. G. Skerrett.

FIRST LESSONS IN BUSINESS.

THE OLD MERCHANT.

"Father," said the old merchant's son, "don't you think you ought to get some new buyers?"

"New buyers?"

"Yes. Every week or so you have to get up a great big clearing sale, or sacrifice sale, or some sort of a special sale, to work off the goods in one or the other of your departments. I should think all that loss and trouble might be saved if the goods were bought right in the first place."

The old man raised his eyebrows and softly tapped the floor with his foot. "Every sale we have is a clearing sale," he said. "What else can it be? Buy stock; sell it, get clear of it. You mustn't think we're overstocked when we advertise a clearing sale."

"But—"

"What?"

"You certainly advertise clearing sales in a way to miss—er—to lead the public to *think* they're different from other sales."

"Why no, I don't, any such thing. We've got twenty or thirty departments here. Sales being made in all of 'em all the time—*clearing* sales. S'pose I'm going to take half a page in the newspapers for *each department?* The old man ain't quite made of money. I just take the sale in one department and advertise that. If it ain't any different from all the other sales, how in the name of common-sense am I deceiving the public? Don't they find twenty or thirty times as much as we advertise?"

"But—"

"What?"

"Well, I never looked at it in that light, that's all."

"You jump at conclusions, you see."

The old gentleman busied himself with some papers on his desk, and the boy put figures on a sheet of paper without any aim or object.

"Do you think the public look at it in that light?" he inquired, after a while.

"If they don't," replied the old merchant, "they jump at conclusions too."

"Another thing I was thinking of," said the young man, "is the way you fix prices. Now, *you* are advertising to-day a clearing sale of carpets—"

"Fine lot of carpets. Got 'em in last Saturday."

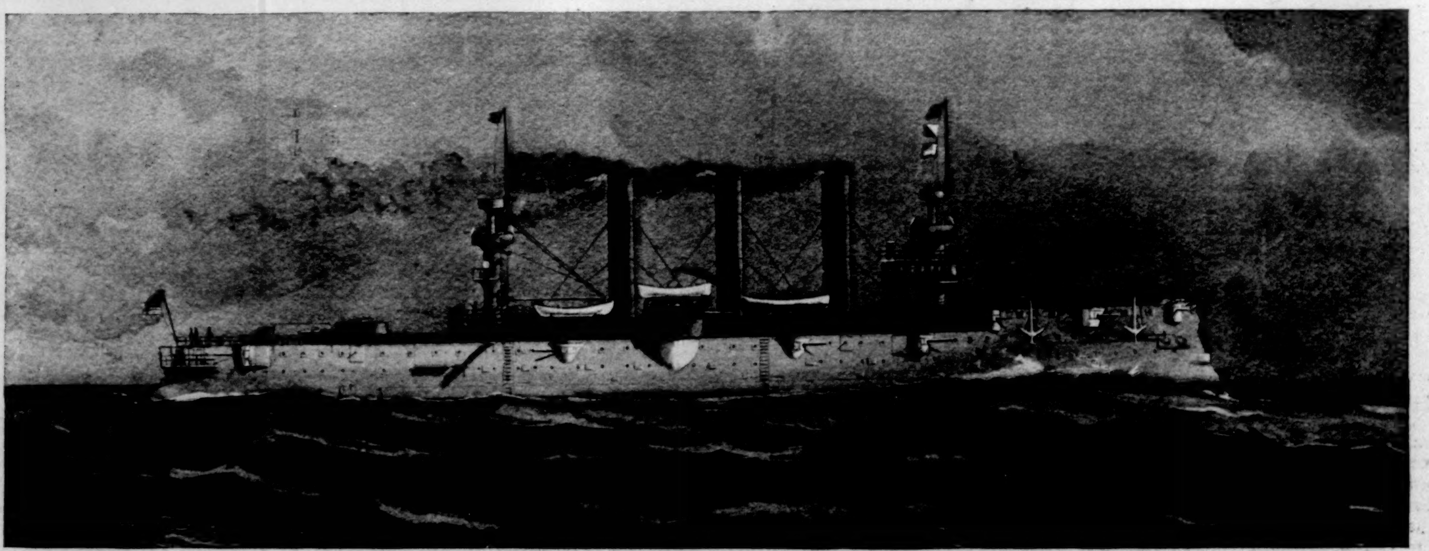
"You say one lot 89 cents a yard, formerly $1 25; another lot, $1 12, were $2, and so on. Doesn't that look as though you had reduced the prices to get rid of them?"

"Well, I didn't look at it in that light," replied the old gentleman, thoughtfully, stroking his beard. "You see, I've been in this line of business nearly forty years. I have a good memory, and I've followed pretty closely the reduction in cost of manufactured articles. It is surprising, my son, how cheaply many staple articles are sold now as compared with prices in former years. I regard it as an object-lesson of some value to wage-earners when to-day's prices are placed side by side with those of earlier times, showing vividly how the workingman of to-day, earning as much as he ever did, is really in vastly better circumstances than at any time, sir, in the history of this country. Take those carpets at 89 cents. They are actually a *better* article than we sold in the 70's for $1 25; and so you'll find it with all articles where I have the present prices and former prices arranged side by side."

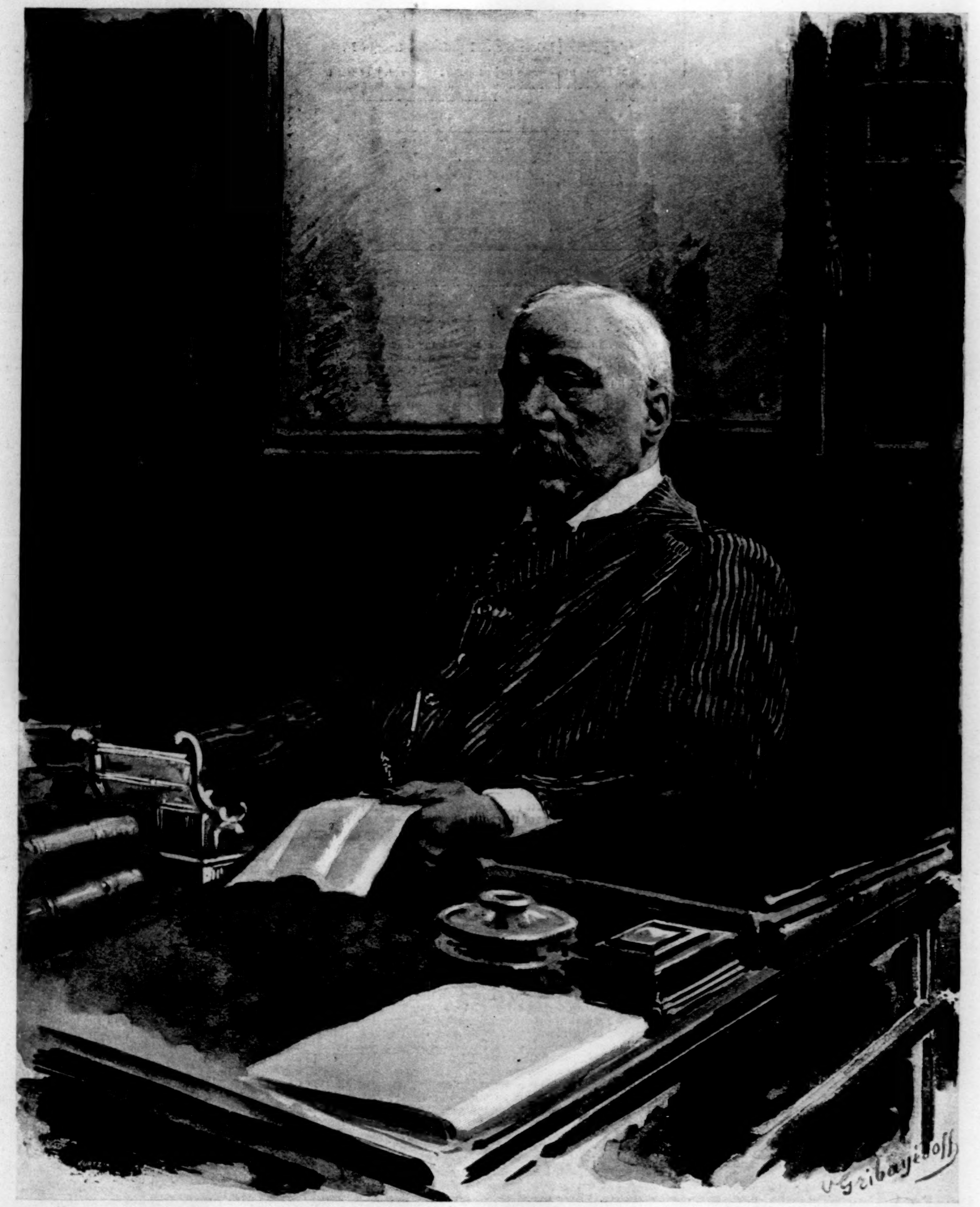
"I guess it's a good idea," said the boy.

"It takes pretty well," said the old merchant.

C. H. A.



UNITED STATES ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."



JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN.

In the old days a king finding his gold reserve below the line of safety forthwith made a "round-up" of rich bankers. If a short term of lonely thought in the deep and dark of sub-cells did not quicken to a just sense of the due of a gracious sovereign, over-sluggish consciences were searched and stirred by surgery, crude but rugged. The method never failed. The stream of gold flowed and stayed not until treasure-chests were running over. To-day sovereign and banker have changed places. It is the banker who uses the art of surgery until the sovereign crawls and obeys. Of these great men, for whom time has turned up such complete revenge, the first in the New World is John Pierpont Morgan.

His lines go out through the whole world. In New York he is the head of the house of J. P. Morgan & Co., in London he is J. S. Morgan & Co.; in Paris his name is Morgan, Harjes, & Co.; in Philadelphia they call him Drexel & Co. There is but one name as great as his in finance, and that is the greatest of all—Rothschild. John Pierpont Morgan sits in an office overlooking the meeting of those two streets, Broad and Wall, whose names sound of the clink of gold and the rustle of bills of exchange. To his daily levees come chiefs of great brokerage houses, presidents of huge corporations, Governors of States that need money, mayors and finance committees from cities eager to place loans. If he leans to their persuasions, the air takes a warm golden hue. If he is chill, frost eats at the heart of hope.

This is the nineteenth-century idea of power—to direct vast enterprises; to shape the destinies of multitudes of civilized people, with whom money is a necessity as it never before was in the history of the world; to draw up and hurl upon the industrial battle-field of modern society heavy cohorts of gold. Power is the dream of youth, the joy of middle life, the consolation of age. Here is the man who has power—with almost ridiculous limitations, it is true. But what human being could ever so intrench himself that chance or whim or feeble shaft, aimed straight for the vulnerable point, would not undo him? And as he has this power, it is worth while to study and analyze and try to see how he got it.

Early in this century a young New-Englander, Junius Spencer Morgan, energetic, shrewd, of a line of simple New-Englanders of correct lives and familiar with economy, married the daughter of the Rev. John Pierpont, of Holyoke, and settled in Hartford. There, on April 17, 1837, was born John Pierpont Morgan, named for his grandfather. The elder Morgan presently became a rich dry-goods merchant, then a banker, while still a young man, and so commended himself to George Peabody, London banker and philanthropist, that he was made his American representative.

After ten years, in 1864, Peabody being dead, Junius Morgan went to London to be head of the whole banking business, changing the firm to J. S. Morgan & Co. He was then rich. He became one of the richest men in the western hemisphere. His son, Pierpont Morgan, educated at the Boston High-School and at Göttingen, was back in America at twenty, and a clerk in the old banking-house of Duncan, Sherman, & Co.

Two years he drudged obscurely there, learning banking in every department. In 1860 he felt strong enough to stand alone, and set up a small bank in Exchange Place, where he was soon joined by Dabney. The chief strength of this firm was Morgan's agency for Peabody & Co. of London. During eleven years this house, with various minor changes, grew, and became a power. Morgan was not satisfied with the old idea of a passive banking business. His mind was full of plans for making himself an active power in the world, for putting his name beside those of the great dictators of industry, found in every European city of the first class. As the firm's influence widened he set these ideas in motion.

Then, as now, two great opposite ways invited a capitalist banker to enormous fortune and enormous power. The first, the way of Jay Gould, was by wrecking and looting great properties. The second, which Morgan chose, was to follow the wrecker, wrest from him as much of his spoils as possible, restore the wreck, lift it

from the shoals and rocks, and set it in a prosperous way again. In 1869 Morgan did his first notable work of this kind. Gould and Fisk had seized the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, and were ready to destroy it. Some of the stockholders appealed to Morgan. With audacity which can be appreciated by those who recall the strength and cunning of Gould in those days, he marched against the destroyers, won twenty-five lawsuits, baffled injunctions innumerable, triumphed in drawn battles between the retainers of Fisk and the State militia. Gould and Fisk were dislodged and routed.

Upon this followed a long series of battles and triumphs that steadily built the belief in Morgan as an invincible general of finance. In 1871 he laid before the great house of Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia, a plan by which they could adapt themselves to the new requirements of banking. Then rose the establishment at Broad and Wall streets—Drexel, Morgan, & Co. Physically their position dominated the financial quarter of New York. As one went down Wall Street it was the United States Treasury on the one hand, and Drexel, Morgan, & Co. on the other. The physical position was soon justified.

The first great achievement of Morgan, working through the new firm, was as an ally of the United States Treasury. He formed a syndicate which floated $200,000,000 of government bonds in the Hayes administration. This was to enable the government to resume specie payment, and both in plan and in outcome the skill of Morgan was a great factor. When the success of this affair was assured, W. H. Vanderbilt came to Morgan to get $30,000,000 in cash from Europe to improve and complete the New York Central system. It was one thing to place the bonds of a powerful government, which had asserted its stability by winning a terrible war, and had maintained its credit in spite of an exhausting drain. To place the shares of a railway system just after a panic that had justly alarmed foreign investors was a different matter.

Morgan had now been a considerable figure in the world of money for ten years. He had the prestige of his father's name and of the great banking-house with which his father had been associated. Further, he had the strong support of the name of Drexel, a synonym of honesty and stability. He had his own ten years of brilliant and honorable achievements. He had just assisted the national government in a dazzling success. With all this to assist him, and with his own clear and persuasive speech, he got the $30,000,000 from English capitalists, and a good deal more, for the shares sold at a high premium.

These two achievements were admired throughout the world, and firmly established the fame of Morgan and of his house. They lifted him to the place necessary to success in the international schemes of reorganization and bond-selling, that have been the greatest sources of profit to the house, and have enabled half a dozen men to retire from the house and from business with large fortunes made in a few years. The present West Shore road was the first great reorganization in this country. When it appealed to Morgan its affairs were in a hopeless tangle. He straightened them out, and, against furious and baffling opposition, sold the road to the New York Central. The directors of the New York Central gave Morgan a service of solid gold plate that cost $50,000, and announced that he had given time and skill without making any charge whatever.

Two years later, in 1885, came the rescue of the Baltimore and Ohio from the ruin into which it was tumbling because the Garretts had listened to that amazing financial juggler Henry S. Ives, whom a merciful Providence removed before he had time to out-Gould Gould. They were still talking of the saving of the Baltimore and Ohio when Morgan took up the reorganization and restoration of the Reading system. He succeeded where Austin Corbin failed. The later misfortunes of that system were due to the very man whom Morgan had raised up to guard its prosperity. And it is interesting to know that the hand that raised him up was the hand that punished him for betraying the trust. In the year of the Reading reorganization, 1888, Morgan reconstructed the Chesapeake and Ohio, which seemed to be hopelessly insolvent, and joined it to the Big Four system, to the making of both.

It was in 1890 that Morgan showed the iron hand of the master to the great railway barons. In the ten preceding years he had had to do with every one of the great railroad companies. He had saved some from bankruptcy. He had reorganized others. He had helped others to perfect their connections and develop their full usefulness. He had floated shares and bonds for all, both at home and abroad. And he watched with impatience the juggling and trickery, the throat-cutting and assassination, of which possibly none was wholly guiltless, and by which all were suffering. December 15, 1890, he invited representatives of the fifteen most important lines to dinner. And he made an after-dinner speech, the like of which a company of such distinction in all probability has never heard. He talked to them as a teacher talks to bad school-boys. He ordered them to stop their folly, and threatened them with his wrath if they did not obey. And they did obey. Even Gould feared the power of this man, who, as they knew, could open or draw the purse-strings for them. The arrangements the railways made, in obedience to Morgan, is known as the "Gentlemen's Agreement," and it is still in force.

Within the year Morgan has done two things of which every one has talked. The first, and here all join in praise, was the reorganization of the vast Richmond Terminal System, with its $250,000,000 of securities that were in danger of total extinction. The second was the matter of the gold-reserve bonds, with its pendent contract to arbitrarily prevent the exportation of gold. With the merits of the controversy that has raged about the bond transaction I have nothing to do here. The point pertinent is the amazing exhibition of power which Morgan and his associates—chief of them all, Rothschild, of course—have given in saying to those tides of gold, hitherto supposed to be resistless, "Thus far and no further!"

With the beginning of this year Morgan became first in name, as he has long been in fact, in the various firms in different parts of the world. As the result of all this ceaseless activity he has piled up a mountain of wealth as his own private fortune. With this he has been lavish, maintaining splendid establishments, giving to charity, to the church, to benevolent institutions. In this, as in some other respects, he follows his great father, and his father's greater predecessor and protector, George Peabody.

John Pierpont Morgan is just past fifty-eight. He has reached the zenith of his manhood and the full possession of power. DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

LIFE AND LETTERS

AFTER the interval of a week, and in another summer hotel, Life and Letters resumed their colloquy.

I.

Life: "I see what you mean by unbred. It is not the wrong training, but the lack of all training that makes us, or leaves us, the worst-mannered people in the world. We are good, I know that; and, as you say, we are innocent; but how uncouth we are! What trackless wastes most of our homes are, as far as the amenities are concerned, the little civilities, the small, sweet courtesies!"

Letters: "And yet you were regretting the destruction of the home by the hotel!"

Life: "Was I? I thought you said that the home—the average home, I suppose you meant—imparted itself to the average hotel."

Letters: "So I did—if you think that strengthens your position. The home characterizes the hotel; the American hotel expresses the spirit of the American home."

Life: "Isn't that rather dreadful?"

Letters: "Yes, and perhaps it isn't true. But we will suppose, for the moment, that it is true. I should even go farther, and say that the hotel exemplifies the home. It is to great numbers of its guests the type of the home, the image of what it should be."

Life: "You are getting worse."

Letters: "Great numbers of them are never so civilly domesticated under their own roofs. In the hotel they are better lodged, better fed, better served, better environed every way than they are at home, not because they can't afford to care for themselves so well in their own houses, but because they don't know how. The hotel teaches them; and though you abominate it, or at least deprecate it, the hotel is for them the temple of domestic wisdom."

Life: "It doesn't teach them manners."

Letters: "No; as yet it only teaches them customs. But perhaps it may yet teach them manners. Perhaps, in a tacit way, it does already. The customs of a hotel are its own; its manners are its guests'. But the guests are not all ill-mannered, and those who are may have moments of consciousness in which they see about them better manners than their own, and long to have them. At any rate, the worst of them are for a while—for a week, a month, a summer—under the constraint which all unbred people feel in society, and so far they are disciplined, and good manners are of discipline."

Life: "The discipline of those kind husbands and fathers whose blood you want to shed because they take such an affectionate leave of their families before you are up in the morning?"

Letters: "Why, even they may finally profit by the sight of other husbands and fathers who do not riot so uproariously away from their loved ones, and may learn to subdue the expression of their emotions. Their emotions, in themselves, are highly creditable, but they should not behave like horned cattle on that account. Perhaps by the end of the season they may acquire some dim faltering impression that a regard for the public is not at war with a regard for the family, but is only an enlargement of that tenderness. As yet, they don't conceive of it, I'll own. They think that they are doing the public a favor, so far as they think at all, by giving it a proof of their excellence as husbands and fathers; but they are not less truly excellent in these respects on that account. Domestication in man is an admirable thing; and as I said, the Americans are the most domesticated people in the world. They are proud of it. They are really very fond of their children and devoted to their wives, and they like to let the world know it. That is the reason why they allow their little ones to run wild about the verandas and corridors, and their grown-up sons and daughters to stand laughing and babbling on the stairs till midnight. It is the kind unruliness of the home characterizing the hotel. But we ought to remember that it is the home which is to blame, and not the hotel; in our domestic civilization more is to be hoped from the average hotel than from the average home. People who come from the average home have the chance here to note the behavior of people who have come from the exceptional home, and to think about their own. The people from the exceptional home must not judge the hotel from their home. For the people who come from the average home the average hotel is a summer school of manners. It's a Chautauqua of Civility."

Life: "I didn't know so much could be said for it."

Letters: "A great deal has been said against it that isn't half so true."

Life: "And you think it may be good even for the summer-wife?"

Letters: "Why, she can at least go home with some novel ideas of home comfort. It can enlighten her on the material if not the spiritual side. It may inspire her with the desire for better cooking, better service, better domestic keeping in every way for her husband as well as herself. It may even happen that something in her environment here will make her think of his environment, and long for some circumstance in which she can spend her summers with him. She may come to feel that there is something essentially wrong in their separation. That was what you meant, wasn't it?"

Life: "Last week; but now it's this week, and I'm not so sure of it."

Letters: "Well, a summer away from town may fruit for her in the conviction that a whole lifetime away from town is the true condition of happiness."

Life: "For him on his eight-o'clock train in and his five-o'clock train out?"

Letters: "Ah, there's a difficulty. But the ideal is always difficult. I merely insist that in the long leisure of her vacation she will have an opportunity to think, and that she can't always think selfishly. Not thinking at all is at the root of incivility, which is merely a form of egotism. We Americans have given plenty of thought to conduct, but very little to behavior, and that's what makes us the purest and kindest people in the world, and the uncouthest. I'm speaking of the average."

Life: "Yes; I think our manners are beautiful—when we have them."

Letters: "We often have them, but, like Artemus Ward's gift for public speaking, we haven't them about us—for the most part. Still we have the root of the matter in us—kindness. The rudest American, who can't show you a civility, will be glad to do you a service."

Life: "Yes. Wasn't it Lowell who used whimsically to complain when he came home from England that his fellow-countrymen would be kind, but they wouldn't be respectful? And doesn't Mr. Henry James say somewhere that you can get many things in Europe, but if you want kindness you had better go to America?"

Letters: "And kindness is the root of the matter, as I said. As a nation we have a rustic distrust of forms and ceremonies; but that's a great mistake. The hotel gives many people who have no conception of them in their own homes a glimpse of ceremony and form; and they begin to find a meaning in them they had never imagined. Yes, it's a school of manners."

Life: "And I suppose 'colored help' *are* one of the improvements. Neat-handed Phyllis will very possibly fare better at the last day than obsequious Pompey, but in the mean time he is more elegant, and he wishes to be more elegant, in his department. I don't think there can be any doubt but the negroes are the best-mannered people amongst us. They have the instinct of civility; they feel the beauty of it in their nerves."

Letters: "You are right. Who could equal them among people of our complexion? But sometimes—sometimes I have noticed, or thought I noticed, a slight decay of manners even among them. I hope that this is an illusion. But it's possible that their rising sense of equality may be at fault, and that they have not gained altogether in ceasing to be less African and becoming more American. Their good manners are the survival of a more settled social ideal than we have now, or than we shall have again till the perfected hotel shall have done its work: their politeness is still of the peruke and small-sword, the minuet and gavotte, the patch-and-powder age."

Life: "And it is charming!"

Letters: "They are the only 'inferiors' who one may be sure will not snub one in a civil approach. You may appeal as unfailingly and confidingly to their sense of courtesy as to their sense of humor. We might very well form ourselves upon them."

Life: "Then, if I understand you, you think that our average manners are to be reformed by the 'colored help' of the hotels, and our customs by the 'rules of the house.'"

Letters: "Scarcely that, and yet something of that. What I have said I will not unsay, though I am always tempted to do so. I believe that the American hotel is generally better realized, if not better imagined, than the American home. Perhaps it is the faltering image of the future home. As we become more truly civilized we shall not be content to live on in a stupid and tiresome and wasteful severalty, as we do now, with separate housekeeping which multiplies infinitely the manifold drudgeries and servilities. We shall live more in common, at less cost and with less care."

Life: "I thought you said care was good for us."

Letters: "So it is. We shall never be rid of it. But our cares can be noble, as well as ignoble. They can be for the things of the soul; now they are for the things of the body. The difficulty is how to have the beauty of a communal life without its ugliness; to be neighbored without being elbowed; to preserve the privacy of the home and yet enjoy the contiguity of the hotel."

Life: "Isn't the hotel-cottage the solution?"

Letters: "No; it is a minor hotel, without a parlor or kitchen. That is, as yet. It may evolve in the right direction, though. If it were smaller and cheaper, so that one family could fill it and afford it, and yet be constantly fed in its social instincts by the easy and accessible companionability of the hotel!"

Life: "Why not ask for the earth at once?"

Letters: "Ah, that's just what I don't want! But so far as it has arrived, I say the summer hotel is a good thing and not a bad thing."

Life: "You'll persuade no one. Everybody will think you have been dead-headed." W. D. HOWELLS.

A CRY FOR HELP FROM CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE indictment of American policy abroad for the torture and death of the Japanese spies at Nankin last year stirred us all, and yet it was a trifle as compared with the present situation of the Western missionaries in the same country. And in this respect all the Christian nations are equally—and who shall say they are not shamefully and outrageously—lax.

Let us look into the status of the Christian missionary, without venturing a step beyond known and universally admitted facts. Let us study the facts in and against his favor, coldly, as we would those concerning tourists and traders claiming the protection of Western countries. That is certainly fair from any point of view. Mr. Gardner, the British consul at Amoy, in his pamphlet upon the anti-Christian riots in China, says that when the still powerful Prince Kung was asked by Sir Rutherford Alcock what he could do for him, the Prince replied, "Take away your missionaries and your opium." Mr. Gardner does not say so, but we know that the Prince was insincere when he said that, because wherever opium can be grown in China the officials have grown it or accepted bribes for allowing it to be grown—from Li-Hung-Chang down—though there is a pretence of forbidding its cultivation. But we will not discuss the subject of opium farther than to say that the coupling of the two subjects, opium and missionaries, exposes the cunning characteristic of all Chinese statesmen. All the European missionaries—the English as well as the rest—have so publicly

and loudly condemned England's part in importing the drug into China that Kung knew he disabled his English friend by introducing the subject. So, also, the seditious leaders who forever stir the ignorant masses against foreigners, in the hope of embroiling the present Tartar government with our stronger nations, make frequent reference to the fact that the vicious drug was brought to China by foreigners, all of whom—English, Spanish, German, or whatever—are alike to the Chinese eye and mind.

But Consul Gardner says the missionaries cannot be withdrawn, because there are more than two thousand European and American missionaries and more than a million native Christians. J. Dyer Ball, of Hong-kong, says that since the Nestorians introduced mission-work in China, in the sixth century, the work has gone on there. The Catholics came ten centuries later, and could have Christianized China had they not quarrelled over what name should be given to God in Chinese and what status ancestral worship should have in the Church. The Emperor K'ang Hsi gave them his entire confidence, but when they appealed beyond him, to Rome, to settle their disputes, they angered the people, and the best chance to Christianize China was lost. According to Mr. Ball, the Catholics had, a few years ago, 41 bishops, 664 European priests, 559 native priests, 34 colleges, 34 convents, and more than a million converts. He says, "In one point they are very aggressive, and that is in the baptizing of infants—every one so sprinkled becomes a unit in the grand total of Christians." Protestant missionary-work began in China in 1807, and there are now 40 societies at work through 589 men, 391 married women, and 316 single women—in all, 1296 British, American, Canadian, and German missionaries. There are 1657 native helpers, and 522 organized native churches, or more than a thousand, if each corps of believers is called a church. They maintain schools with 16,836 pupils, 61 hospitals, 44 dispensaries, 12 religious journals, and hundreds of thousands of hospital patients; indeed, I have read somewhere that more than a million Chinese have been treated by the medical missionaries—the most practical and efficacious of all missionaries—in a single year.

Ball says, "In 1842 there were six converts; in 1853 there were 350; in 1865 there were 2000; in 1876 there were 13,035; in 1886 there were 28,000. If Christian missions advance in the next thirty-five years as in the past thirty-five years there will be at the end of that time twenty-six millions of communicants and a Christian community of one hundred millions of persons—one-fourth of the Chinese nation." Now, the missionaries have been welcomed in China; or, if not that exactly, they have been promised protection. They are not intruders or visitors taking their chances—I mean in the sight of the Chinese—though that is precisely how they are treated when they offend some mobs, or when other mobs are gotten up by the *Ko-lo-wui*, or the Vegetarians, or any other factions whose aim is to bring about foreign war, and then rise and overthrow the hated Tartars now in power.

It is very easy to stir the coolie class against the missionaries, partly because they are foreigners and largely because of their practises. No intelligent foreigner was ever in China an hour, away from the treaty ports, who did not realize his danger. A tourist there is in more danger than the correspondents were who went to the late war with the Japanese army. He cannot tell by what word or trifling action he may seem to treat the Chinese superstitions with contempt, and these are so numerous that no white man has ever learned a large fraction of them. Therefore he is only safe when in his house-boat, and when that is moving. Yet the missionaries live, in many cases, far from the treaty ports, where troops and the numbers of foreigners give protection. Moreover, they zealously persist in extending their good offices to little children, although they know, by sometimes fearful experience, how strangely these kindly ministrations are misinterpreted. I do not mean to criticise; only to make the present situation clear.

The missionaries take in the little children, oftenest girls, who are abandoned by the very poor and the very vicious; they adopt those that are left in the streets to die and those whose converted parents are willing that they should bring them up and educate them. For these purposes they maintain asylums and foundling schools. It must happen that often their offices are too late and the children die. Now note what the Chinese say and spread abroad about this pious and humane work: They assert that because we have blue eyes and they have black ones it follows that the missionaries kill the children to get their black eyes, with which to compound our wonderful medicines, with which to change lead into silver, and with which to fill the black boxes of our cameras in order that they may take pictures, for, they argue, if these machines had not eyes to see with, how could they take pictures? *Similia similibus curantur* is a rule in their scant knowledge of medicine, and so they fancy that we want the hearts and livers and kidneys of their babies to mend our own with. They believe there is great bravery in the Chinese heart, for instance, and do not doubt that we covet it. A thousand such silly causes for fear and hatred of the missionaries are added to the ten thousand reasons they fancy they have for fearing and hating all foreigners, and yet the work of the missionary forces him to go into the interior of China, and his Christianity leads him to remember, with all its force, the concern that Jesus had for little children. Thus the missionaries live and work in handfuls among millions, who, gentle and even amiable as those happened to be where I travelled, are yet known to be as cruel and devilish as Indian squaws when aroused to riot, rebellion, and war.

Whether out of the measures that the present riots in China shall bring about there shall grow a demand that the missionaries keep within reach of foreign gunboats, whether it shall be deemed best for them to defer to the Chinese misunderstanding of their dealings with children, or whether the great Western powers shall insist that the Emperor proclaim the truth about this work, in conjunction with a stern promise of punishment for all who hereafter attack missionaries—who can predict? One thing is alone certain—gunboats in the rivers and greater war-ships at the ports should accompany a positive declaration on the part of some or all of the Christian powers that the persecution and murder of the missionaries shall stop. The present method of calling our missionaries to the treaty ports every little while, when dangers threaten, is beyond being farcical; it is contemptible and criminal. The Chinese government can prevent all but a few more recurrences of these outrages by humbling the mandarins who permit them and by severely punishing the wretches who participate in them. The mobs work now with laughter in their sleeves. Change the laughter to tears and they will stop. The Chinese government can be made to do this, but we know it too well to trust to its promises. Some of the Christian powers must make a display of force—and perhaps a little use of it—in order to impress the oily Tartars with our seriousness.

FINLAND'S RELATIONS TO RUSSIA.

BY HERMAN MONTAGUE DONNER.*

In view of the recent accession of a new ruler over the vast Russian Empire it becomes of interest to note the relations which obtain between the Muscovite dominions proper and the interesting country which lies on their northwestern frontier, at the very gates of St. Petersburg.

The stolid Finn, smoking his pipe at the close of his day's work, while the ruddy glare of the wood fire dances upon the long rows of hard black-bread hung up among the rafters of his spacious cabin in the far interior of his forest-girdled father-land, reads the proclamation of the new Czar in the *Uusi Suometar* or the Helsingfors *Nya Pressen*, and lays the paper down with a placid and thoughtful smile. "He was a good man," he says, referring to the late Alexander III., and addressing himself to his wife, who is taking down the kantele for the evening hymn, "though a little harder on us Finns than his sainted father. May the Almighty guide the young Czar, our new Grand-Duke, and teach him to love his loyal Finnish subjects!" Then he hands the paper to his better half, with his finger laid on one sentence of the proclamation. The wording of this portion which refers to Finland is worthy of more than passing notice:

"We, in this sad and solemn hour," says the youthful Nicholas II., "when ascending the ancestral throne of the Russian Empire and Czardom of Poland, and the Grand-Duchy of Finland, *indissolubly united therewith*," etc.

In point of fact the land of the Finns is to all intents and purposes a foreign country to the Muscovite, possessing, as it does, a separate government, its own laws, tariff, and monetary system, its own language, religion, customs, and manners, its separate history and traditions. The Finlanders, indeed, always speak of Russia as another country.

When Alexander I. invaded Finland in 1808 he gave out a proclamation to the inhabitants while the issue of the war was still undecided, in which he solemnly guaranteed to maintain the laws and liberties of the country when the latter should be united to Russia. He himself signed on March 27, 1809, the following declaration, which was written in French, to the inhabitants of the Grand-Duchy:

"Les destinées de la Providence Nous ayant fait prendre en possession le Grand-Duché de Finlande, Nous avons voulu, par l'acte présent, confirmer et ratifier la Religion et les Lois fondamentales du Pays ainsi que les privilèges et droits, dont chaque classe dans le dit Grand-Duché, en particulier, et tous les habitants en général, qu'ils aient une position élevée ou inférieure, ont joui jusqu'ici selon la Constitution. Nous promettons de maintenir tous ces avantages et lois fermes et inébranlables dans leur pleine force."

When, on the 18th of July following, the Czar attended the closing of the Finish Diet at Borgo, he made a speech in which occurred this noteworthy passage, which I translate from the original French:

"This brave and loyal people will bless that Providence which has brought about the present condition of things. *Placed henceforth in the ranks of the nations*, under the ægis of its own laws, it will recollect its former rulers only to cultivate friendly relations when these shall have been re-established by peace."

Ever since then the Finlanders have been loyal to their oath, and their country has gone on prospering under its own excellent laws.

Of late years, however, there has appeared a disposition on the part of Russia to pursue a more Chauvinist policy with regard to her dependency on the Gulf of Bothnia, one potent sign of which was the introduction, some score or so of years ago, of military conscription into Finland, which constituted a distinct violation of the pledges given by Alexander I. Quite recently the study of Russian by candidates for government offices has been insisted upon, as well as the teaching of the language in the public schools, and the introduction into the army of Russian words of command.

Notwithstanding these unwelcome innovations, which were due rather to the influence of a certain fanatical Russianizing party having its headquarters in Moscow, the late Czar, though not perhaps exactly popular in Finland, found many lenient judges, among whom his personal character was understood and admired.

The question that now arises to agitate the minds of all Finlanders alike is, whether the youthful Czar Nicholas II. will pursue the liberal policy identified more particularly with Alexander II., or give ear to the ultra-Chauvinist attacks on Finnish autonomy voiced by the party having the influential *Moskoye Vremya* for its principal mouthpiece. The problem is a vital one for the inhabitants of the Grand-Duchy, and the fact that it narrows down to the question as to how far the new Czar may allow himself to be influenced by the counsels of his ministers does not tend to lessen their anxiety, for they would rather see the question of their continued autonomy left to the young Czar's initiative, as Nicholas is known to be personally favorable, both by natural disposition and through his partly English bringing up, to liberal ideas in general, and is believed to be anxious that Finland, so quiet and so prosperous under its own administration, should enjoy to the fullest extent all the privileges guaranteed by its constitution which each succeeding Russian Emperor on his accession to the throne has solemnly ratified. Nihilistic doctrines never found favor in the Grand-Duchy, and now the tone of the Finnish press, amid its sincere expressions of regret at the late Czar's untimely end, and assurances of continued loyalty to the Russian throne, is hopeful, even joyous; showing perfect confidence in the active good-will of Finland's fifth Grand-Duke.

To the impartial observer who has personal knowledge of the vitality, the vigorous and indomitable personality of the Finn, who, amid all political changes and vicissitudes of fortune, has preserved his national entity unimpaired, it is apparent that Russia has naught to lose and very much to gain by respecting to the full the pledges of her successive Emperors to maintain inviolate the autonomy of the "Land of the Thousand Lakes."

* Son of the United States Consul at Helsingfors, Finland.

REASONS FOR RAISINS.

FRESNO COUNTY of California is pre-eminently the raisin centre of the United States, its exports alone during the past year having amounted to sixty-five millions of pounds.

This locality, comprising an area of eight thousand square miles, lies in the heart of the justly celebrated San Joaquin Valley. Two-thirds of the county is level vineyard and orchard land; the remainder, spurs of the snow-clad Sierra Nevadas and their luxuriant and fertile foot-hills. Fifteen years ago this vast tract of land was a barren plain, fit only at its best for sheep-pasturage and grain-farming on a small scale.

To-day the desert literally "blossoms as the rose," and its "milk and honey" of solid comfort and wealth are its raisin-vineyards. But these in turn are the product of the irrigation supplied by the two magnificent rivers, Kings and San Joaquin, which flow westward from the melting snows of the Sierras.

This supply is ceaseless, the water being conducted by about two thousand miles of canals and five thousand miles of lateral ditches to thousands of small farms and vineyards in Fresno Valley. The county is supposed to have the most extensive irrigation system in the world—certainly in the State—and the system is as essential to its vital existence as is the warm blood rushing through the veins to the health of the animal.

The cost of supplying a vineyard with water is but sixty-two cents per acre per annum, and the labor of applying it, if the land has been properly levelled to receive it, is slight. No Venetian canal, with its graceful gondolas sailing between the marbled walls of old palaces, is half as beautiful to the Fresno raisin-vineyardist as the ribbonlike and limpid "ditch," upon whose quiet surface are mirrored earth and sky and the tangled leafy loveliness which lies between.

The main canals are from ten to forty feet in width, while their veins that thread the vineyards are never more than from three to nine feet wide. For the average vineyardist "twenty acres is enough," because the land gives two heavy crops of raisin-grapes yearly, and the net returns will be ten times that of one hundred and sixty acres in the East. Forty acres, therefore, carefully tilled, produces a home of luxury.

A raisin-vineyard is in full bearing in three years, but the grape has not reached its perfection until the vine from which it springs is six or seven years old.

The Muscat and Thompson seedless are the best variety of raisin grape cultivated, the latter having only been introduced within the last few years, but the Zinfandell and Sultana have also large claims upon popularity.

Standing before one of these vines, upon which inverted cones of countless perfect spheres are hanging—each cluster weighing several pounds—a vision of the Hebrew spies, with their magnificent grapes of Eshcol, borne "on a staff between the two," rises before us, and involuntarily we exclaim, "Is not this also the Promised Land?"

Few sights are more disappointing to the Eastern tourist and stranger than a ride through a raisin-vineyard in March or early April.

Nothing greets the eye but acres of level land covered with brown soil, from whose arable surface thousands of small horned stumps protrude, about four or five inches high, and standing ten feet apart.

The pruning of the vines is done between the middle of November and the 1st of March.

Soon after the wooing sunbeams of May coax open the folded buds the cultivator begins its work. Soon the laterals throw out their long arms, upon which already appears the embryo grape cluster, and until the leaves of the vine meet and shut out the possibility of getting a plough between them the cultivation continues. In this constant vigilance lies the secret of success.

Slowly the forest of vines expands. As far as the eye can reach is a dead level of living green interspersed with silvery aisles of running water.

About the 1st of September the long sunny days, the dewless nights, and the percolated soil have perfected their marvellous work, and the first crop is ready to be gathered. By this time the laterals have run riot, and the vineyardist can scarcely see over the top of his vines.

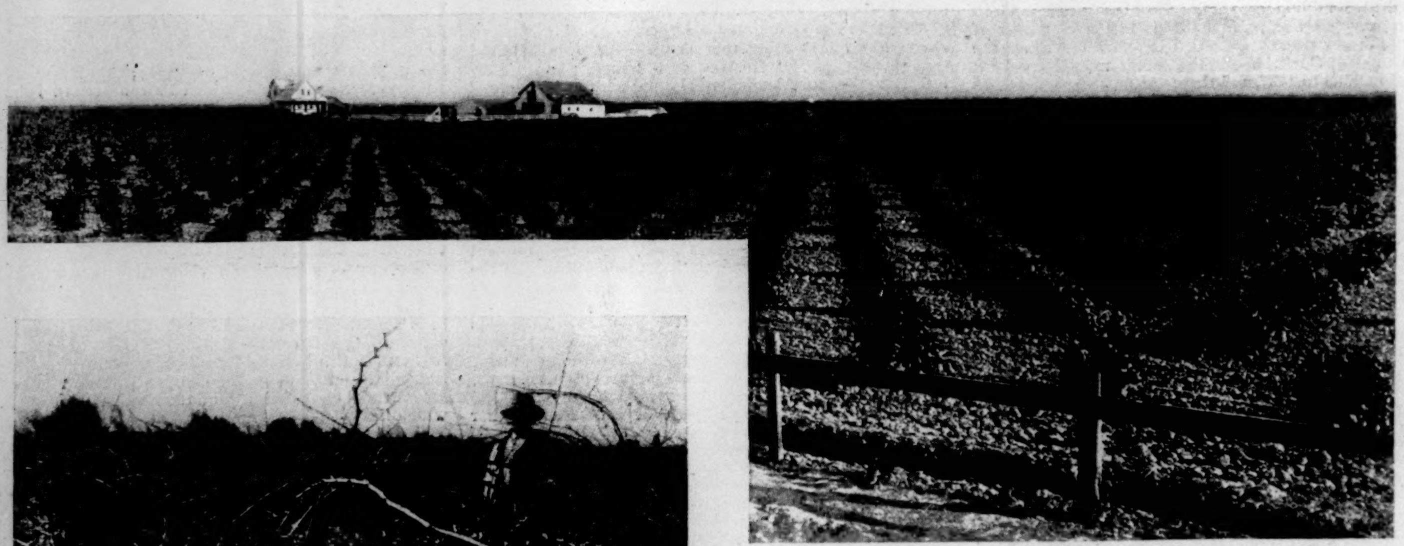
The process of grape-gathering for raisins requires the most delicate handling and cleanliness. Hundreds of shallow wooden trays, about five feet square, are distributed among dozens of trained pickers. The bunches are carefully cut from the vine, and as carefully laid upon the base of the tray to avoid bruising them. There they remain untouched for ten days and nights. One-half of the grape is by this time cured; but instead of turning them with the hand, an empty tray is placed over them, the lower one is inverted, and the turning and transfer have been made. In twelve more days the curing is completed. The trays and contents are then stacked about twenty trays high, where they remain for five days sweating, when they are ready to be graded and packed in boxes of five, ten, twenty, and fifty pounds for the Eastern market.

Vines six years old yield one and a half tons of raisins per acre, giving a net income of two hundred dollars per acre. While the supply of raisins is as unfailing as the growing demand, there is an æsthetic as well as an economic side. A few women have not only found raisin-vineyards a source of comfortable revenue, but their cultivation a most elegant and healthful pastime.

The approach to some of their homes, with the vineyard in the rear of the dwelling-house, is through avenues of palms and magnolia trees, and if they lie, as many do, against the foot-hills of the Sierras, a ride through the columnar glories of giant red-woods is a fitting introduction to the beauty and utility which is sure to be found.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

"SILVERY AISLES"—AN IRRIGATED VINEYARD.



RAISIN-VINEYARD IN MAY AND JUNE.

VINES RUNNING RIOT.

RAISIN-VINEYARD IN PRUNING-TIME.

GRAPE-GATHERING IN SEPTEMBER.

RAISIN-CULTURE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—[See Page 797.]

GEORGE DU MAURIER, OF "PUNCH."

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

PENCIL STUDY.

WHEN, in 1860, Mr. George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier contributed his first drawing to *Punch*, he had little suspicion that he would be counted, together with John Leech, John Tenniel, and Charles Keene, as one of the four great pillars on which would rest the artistic reputation of the paper. In that first drawing himself and two friends were represented entering the "studio" of a photographer in the act of smoking, as the manner of artists is, and they are coldly requested by the deity of the place to leave their smoking-tackle outside, as "they are in an artist's studio" (p. 150, vol. xxxix.). It was a poor sketch enough, betraying a straining after comicality, while lacking every trace of the grace and beauty the draughtsman was so soon to develop. Mr. Du Maurier was Parisian born, and after studying with a view to a scientific career, he became convinced, through Dr. Williamson's amiable assurance that he would make a "shocking bad chemist," that art was more in his line than science—more especially as his professors had been delighted with such little caricatures of his as they had seen; but, as he suggestively put it in his lecture on "Social Pictorial Satire," "they had not seen them *all*." He studied art at Antwerp and Paris in company with several notabilities of the day; but when he lost the sight of one eye, and found the other seriously imperilled, his chances of success in life seemed small. It was when lying during his long illness in the Antwerp Hospital, in 1858, that he saw *Punch's Almanac*, a delight which he never forgot. When he recovered his ordinary health he returned to England, though with little improvement of sight to cheer him. With a courage, however, equal to that of Sir John Tenniel, he girded himself against fate; he worked hard in London, where he lived in humble lodgings at 85 Newman Street, which he shared with his life-long friend, the late Lionel Henley, afterwards R.B.A.—"the dearest fellow that ever was." He sometimes wondered, he has told me, if he would eat a dinner that day; and, as becomes the impecunious, he was a tremendous democrat. He "hated the bloated aristocracy without knowing much about it, and, to do it justice, the bloated aristocracy did not go out of its way to pester him with its attentions." But although in those happy, hungry, hard-working days dinner was not always a vested interest, Mr. Du Maurier seemed already tinged with the daintier tastes that were destined to lead his pencil to the delineation of these same "bloated" classes; and even in those hard times he could always boast a dress suit.

So at the age of twenty-six—the same as that at which Charles Keene made his début in *Punch*—he sent his first occasional contribution, which was far more in Leech's manner than in what came to be his own.

Art has a way, figuratively speaking, of flourishing on an empty stomach, and Mr. Du Maurier made rapid progress on the training. Keene's acquaintance and genial friendship enslaved at once his artistic methods and his artistic adoration. It was not that he admired Leech less, but that he appreciated Keene more; and when the former died, Mr. Du Maurier was appointed to his seat at the table. He obeyed the summons on the first Wednesday that followed Leech's death, and carved his monogram on the board between those of the bosom friends Thackeray and Leech. Mark Lemon, with characteristic shrewdness, soon discovered in what direction lay the talent and perhaps the *penchant* of the artist, and told him not to try to be "too funny," but to do the graceful side of things, and to be "the romantic tenor in Mr. Punch's Opera Bouffe Company," while Keene was to do the comic songs. The little social dramas of the day, the drawing-rooms of Belgravia, and the nurseries of Mayfair—those were his preserves, from which he could get as much game as he chose, humorous if he liked, but graceful withal.

But Mr. Du Maurier is emphatically not a "funny man," for all his subtlety and love of humor; he is a *mélange* of the artistic, with a distinct and clear sense of beauty and of the scientific, with speculations and theories of race and heredity, who would as lief draw East End types for the sake of their "character," and who would look at a queer face more for the interest that is in it than for its comicality. If Mr. Du Maurier's sense of beauty is strong, so is his appreciation of ugliness; and if you take down any of the volumes of *Punch*—that shine in their shelves like the teeth in a great laughing mouth—you will find no faces or forms more hideous than those which the artist has chosen to put there.

But if there is one thing to justify the opinion of his admirers that he is the "Thackeray of the pencil," it is primarily to be found, not so much in the keen satire of his drawing and legends, as in his creations. Creations we have had from Leech, Keene, and others—from Leech's pure sense of fun and jollity, from Keene's unerring observation of men and women and fleeting emotions. But those of Mr. Du Maurier go deeper into vices, virtues, habits, and motives, and are at the root of his pictorial commentaries. He has given us true pictures of the manners of his time, and those manners he has satirized with more politeness and irony, perhaps, than humor. He worked well with Keene in double harness, and his pictures are at once a foil and a complement of that genius's work and *point de vue*. He has satirized everything, and his art has been admirably adapted to the depth of the civilization he probes and dissects. In a sense he is to art what Mr. Corney Grain is to the stage, though his hand is not so heavy; and while you laugh with Leech, you smile with Mr. Du Maurier—lovingly at his children, respectfully at his pretty women, and cynically at his social puppets.

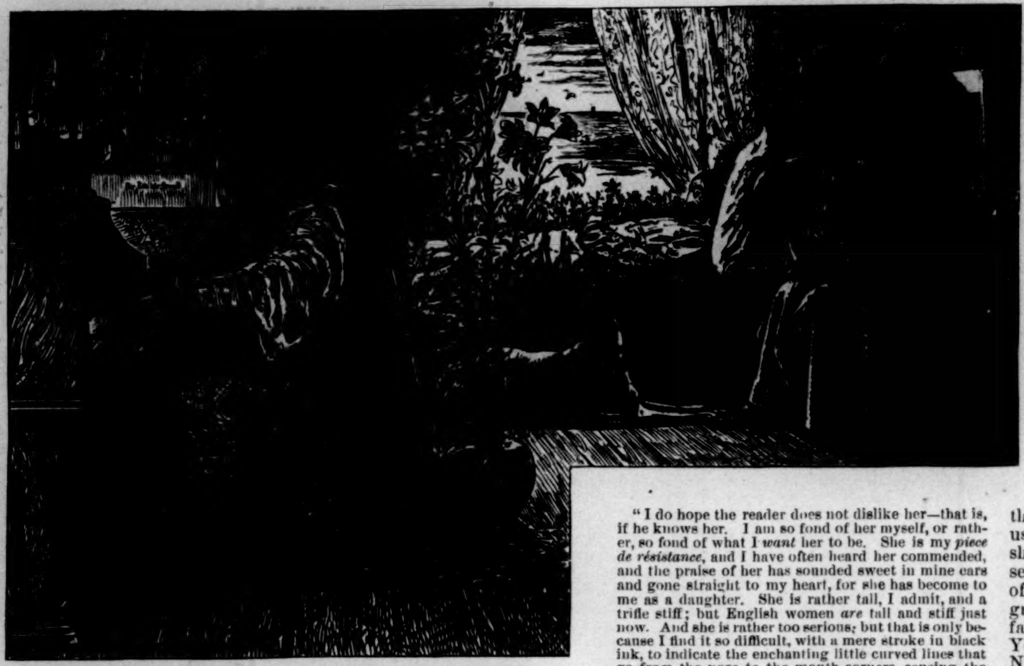
His creations—his types and "series"—are to some sections of *Punch's* admirers *Punch's* chief attraction. Especially is this the case in the United States,* where to Mr. Du Maurier many people have looked almost exclusively not only for English fashions in male and female attire, and the *dernière mode* in social etiquette, but for the truest reflection of English life and character. First of all these types are Sir Gorgious Midas—who the artist once confided to me was drawn without exaggeration from real life—and his common wife and still vulgarer son, Then Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, the clever and scheming, and her husband, depressed and stolidly obedient; the Bishop and the Flunky, all calves and dignity; Grigsby, the "comic" man, and his punctilious friend Sir Pompey Bedell, inflated with pretentious emptiness; 'Arry and 'Arriet, blatant and irrepressible; young Cadby, the Cockney, and the Duke and Duchess of Stilton, whose very figures seem to be drawn in purple ink; the refined Colonel, a counterpart and not unworthy comrade of Newcome himself; Maudle, Postlethwaite, and Mrs. Cimabue Brown, most delightful trio of sickening "æsthetes"—specially beloved by Mr. Du Maurier, whose famous drawing, "Are you Intense?" is perhaps the particular favorite of all his *Punch* work; Mr. Soapley and Mr. Todeson, who vie with each other in vulgar servility and sycophancy; the Herr Professor, ponderously humorous in smoking-room or boudoir, and Anatole, the bridegroom, happy and dapper in the Bois de Boulogne; Titwillow and the ex-Jew at the club—what an assemblage of carefully differentiated specimens of London's characteristic inhabitants! That many of them are often accepted, universally quoted as types, apart from any reference to *Punch* or its artist, is the best testimony of the truth of his irony, for they are as recognizable in the real world as the Jacques and the Becky Sharps and the Pecksniffs of other brains. And besides these there are the general characters so truly presented to us—the refined lady with the very old face and frontal gray or white curls, whom Mr. Du Maurier used to draw from the person of Mrs. Hamilton Aidé; the charming young ladies for whom in succession his wife and daughters have sat; and the delightful little ones to whom Professor Ruskin has paid partial tribute when he declared, a little cruelly perhaps, that the "charm of his extremely intelligent and often exquisitely pretty children is dependent for the greater part on the dressing of their back hair and the fitting of their boots."

The admirable setting in which Mr. Du Maurier frames his series of jokes is testimony to his genius. He follows Leech's plan of such series (Servantgalism, The Rising Generation, etc.), but the quality of the thought and its presentation are as much more elaborate than Leech's as his method of draughtsmanship is more complicated. These series or formulæ, in their chief heads and subtle variations, display the quality of his mind. If you turn to the volumes for 1888 (xciv. and xcv.), you will find examples of no fewer than nine of them: 1, Things one would rather have left unsaid; 2, Things one would rather have expressed differently; 3, Social Agonies; 4, Feline Amenities; 5, Our Imbeciles; 6, Typical Modern Developments; 7, Studies in Evolution; 8, Nincompoopiana; and, 9, What our Artist has to put up with—the last-named, however, a vein which Keene began to work in 1854.

His talent, too, in devising the legends or "cackle" for these drawings is uniformly happy, unsurpassed by any man who ever wrote for *Punch*. They are not always so concise as Leech's, but for truth of expression, felicitous colloquialism, and, above all, for foreign accent, he is unapproached. I go farther, and say that he is the first man who ever put truthfully upon paper, and properly differ-

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

* Mr. Henry James, Jun., considers (*Century Magazine*, 1883) that "since 1886 *Punch* has been, artistically speaking, George du Maurier."



THE LADY AT THE ORGAN.

entiated, the "broken English" and slangy mispronunciations of German, French, Semite, and Cockney; indeed, his studies in this direction prove him, besides an admirable physiologist *pour rire* and a pungent though courteous satirist, an inimitable comparative—"broken"—philologist.

True to his rôle of "romantic tenor," Mr. Du Maurier has endowed *Punch* with the greater part of the grace and beauty which have done so much to make the paper what it is. "In his social subjects," says a distinguished critic,* "Mr. Du Maurier, though somewhat mannered and fond

NOCTURNE.
"Hail, melancholy star!"

of a single type of face and figure, has carried the ironical *genre*, received by Leech from Gavarni and Charlet, to the highest point of elegance it has attained." He is too fond of the beautiful, sighs Mr. James; he sees everything *en beau*, and Mistress and Maid with him are a good deal of Juno and Hebe. No doubt his grace often militates against his fun, but Mr. Du Maurier, as has already been suggested, is only by accident a funny man. Besides, when he wishes to be funny he passes Beauty by as if he were not the most devoted of her adorers, as you may see in one of the best of all his drawings in *Punch*, in which a typically selfish master of the house orders the cook up into the breakfast-room, complaining that he cannot eat the bacon which he has just served; his wife's, he says, is the worst he ever saw—and *his own is nearly as bad!*

Even more than his lovely child (often drawn from his little grandson), his superb youth, and his splendid gentleman, Mr. Du Maurier's Pretty Woman is the pedestal upon which he has erected his reputation—at least so far as *Punch* is concerned. His pretty woman, he declares, is the granddaughter of Leech's, and he beseeches the public to love her, paternally, at least, as he does, "for her grandmother's sake."

Writing his mind on his delightful creation at my own request,† he says:

"I do hope the reader does not dislike her—that is, if he knows her. I am so fond of her myself, or rather, so fond of what I *want* her to be. She is my *piece de résistance*, and I have often heard her commended, and the praise of her has sounded sweet in mine ears and gone straight to my heart, for she has become to me as a daughter. She is rather tall, I admit, and a trifle stiff; but English women *are* tall and stiff just now. And she is rather too serious; but that is only because I find it so difficult, with a mere stroke in black ink, to indicate the enchanting little curved lines that go from the nose to the mouth-corners, causing the cheeks to make a smile—and without them the smile is incomplete, merely a grin. And as for height, I have often begun by drawing the dear creature little, and found that by one sweep of the pen (adding a few inches to the bottom of her skirt) I have improved her so much that it has been impossible to resist the temptation—the thing is so easy, and the result so satisfying and immediate."

* See *Encyclopædia Britannica*.
† See *Magazine of Art*, 1891.

Nowadays, he has declared, girls are no longer pretty—they are beautiful; and, as Mr. Galton himself admits, they, even more than the rest of mankind, have certainly grown taller. The artist, as we have seen, invented the tall woman; the Psyches of our fathers' days have become the Venuses and Junos of these, and more than one writer has gravely sought to fix the responsibility or the credit on to Mr. Du Maurier and his pencil. Scientific investigation has taught us that the English girl tops her foreign sisters, though her average weight is two pounds less than that of the fair American; and there is little doubt that if she does not absolutely lower her height to the artist's sense of beauty and power of inspiration, she has at least to thank him for making it fashionable. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Du Maurier has always been a close observer; and just as his drawings have always been in the fashion in point of dress through his careful watching of the changing wardrobes of his wife and daughters, so was he the first to record the increasing stature of English girls, even while Leech was still drawing them as he had known them—short and buxom and "plump little dumplings," never recognizing that they had been deposed by fashion and by nature. But the race changed, and *Punch* changed with them. Venus was Venus once more, and Mr. Du Maurier was her prophet.

"And the old ladies!" proceeds Mr. Du Maurier. "It is such a pleasure to draw them, and do one's best. To think of all the charming old ladies one has known, and (according to one's letter-press) to select the chin of one, the white curls of another, the mouth and nose of a third, and then to make a subtle arrangement in sweet sympathetic wrinkles—too often to be subtly disarranged by the engraver and the printer!

"Then we get to the male characters, and there it is comparatively plain sailing; and would be pleasant sailing enough but for the hideousness of certain portions of the modern male attire. However new, however good the tailor, however comely the leg beneath, the *Trouser* is the one heart-breaking object to the conscientious but æsthetically minded draughtsman on wood! It ignores the knee, and falls on the boot in a shape that has no reference to the ankle whatever—a shape of its own—and yet the ankle is the foundation of everything.

"Next in the order of demerit and impossibility comes the chimney-pot hat, which is not lacking in character, but is ugly and ridiculous. Its one redeeming feature is the difficulty it presents to the draughtsman. It is mathematical, geometrical, with every curve known to science, as hard to represent correctly as a boat or a fiddle—more so; and the delight of successful achievement is proportionately great. Linley Sambourne alone, who was originally trained as an engineer, has been able to grapple with the chimney-pot hat; Walker all but succeeded by the sheer force of his heaven-born genius."

But in spite of all this beauty, surely his misrepresentation of that divinity the American Girl is beyond all hope of pardon, beyond contrition, beyond all—penance. He does full justice to her refined and splendid loveliness and her magnificent proportions; but he seems to regard her, if one may say so, as a sort of Kensington Town-Hall-Subscription-Dance young lady, a little more *outrée* and free and slangy and vulgar. She guesses in the ballroom that English partners "don't bunch" (give bouquets); when invited to go in to supper she avers, not without a sense of inward satisfaction, that she is "pretty crowded already"; she has a deep though entirely a tourist's interest in English institutions, ruins, and celebrities; she has little reverence else for what is either in the heavens above or the earth beneath, and she dearly loves a lord—or she would, if by any honorable means she could obtain the chance. His American girls, too, all come from one and the same place; they are all born from one and the same mother; their natural cleverness and unnatural ignorance are compounded in the same proportions, and altogether they are the most charming and delightful libels on American womanhood that well could be. But is his representation of the American Girl any less pleasant than the common home-made American opinion of an English gentleman—at least of an English "swell"? Not at all. On the contrary, she is, as I said before, a divinity.

More than once the artist has broken away from his light-comedy rôle and given us something with thought, and now and again with tragedy, in it—has offered us, indeed, a taste of the deepest poetic quality that he has shown in his novels of *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*. You may see a touch of it in Tenniel's great cartoon at the outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany, in which the great Napoleon stands warningly in the path of the infatuated Emperor; that was Du Maurier's suggestion. You may see a touch of it in the page drawing of "Old Nickotin Stealing Away the Brains of his Devotees" (1868), in which a circle of strange men, whose own heads are their pipe-bowls, smoke away their brains through long tubes that work well into the composition, while in the foreground one of the foolish wretches drops, just as a last little curling puff rises from his smoked-out skull. There were more of such compositions before 1880, at the time when Mr. Du Maurier was still making full-page drawings in *Punch*; but, after all, it is not in *Punch*, but rather in the *Cornhill Magazine* and *Once a Week*, in *Esmond* and other works, that his full power in serious work must be sought.

Professor Ruskin,* after declaring that the "terrific force" of Mr. Du Maurier's satire of character in face and figure consists in the *absence* of caricature, describes as "cruelly true" the design "representing the London mechanic with his family when Mr. Todeson is asked to amuse 'the dear creatures' at Lady Clara's garden tea," and proclaims the artist more exemplary than either John Leech or John Tenniel ("the real founders of *Punch*, and by far the greatest of its illustrators, both by force of art and range of thought") "in the precision of the use of his means and the subtle boldness to which he has educated the interpreter of his design." In point of fact, the engraver has had to "interpret" Mr. Du Maurier's drawings far less than those of many of his colleagues, such as Charles Keene, Sir John Tenniel, and Mr. Linley Sambourne, for his line is too delicate, sympathetic, and precise to leave room for anything but the strictest possible fac-

* *The Art of England.* "The Fireside," p. 174.

LADY WITH VIOLIN.—From a Water-color.

PENCIL STUDY.

PENCIL STUDY.

simile. This was quite as true in the old days when he drew upon his block as in later times, when, yielding to the stern demands of failing eyesight (which for a period forced him to suspend work altogether) he drew with the pen upon paper several times larger than the ultimate reduction that is effected by photography. It is curious in tracing his hand through *Punch* to see how his work gradually strengthened; how his early vigor of subject and activity of mind, expressed in strong black and white, gave way to a daintier touch when the grace and prettiness of his *dramatis personæ* came to demand greater refinement of the drawn line; and how this again widened out into a broader method, inspired by Charles Keene. And yet from first to last his hand is unmistakable.

Like Keene and others, Mr. Du Maurier has suffered from time to time from printers' errors. One of the most curious, perhaps, is that in which three little boys are shown in a drawing playing upon a sofa, evidently very much in the way of their elder sister, who is receiving a visit from her admirer. The sister asks her brothers with pardonable point if they will not go and play downstairs. No, the eldest replies, mamma has sent them up "to play forfeits." The joke, utterly pointless as printed, becomes intelligible when it is explained that "forfeits" is an error for "propriety." Many of his jokes, as already explained, have come from various friends; indeed, in his case they are probably less often manufactured than in that of others. All the same, it may be of interest to record that the oft-quoted joke of the æsthetic young couple who agreed that they must "live up to" their blue and white teapot was not "made up," but was spoken in downright, imbecile earnest.

Like Keene, too, Mr. Du Maurier loved to put his own dogs into *Punch*. Whether it was his magnificent St. Bernard "Chang," whose seven-foot skeleton now graces the Royal College of Surgeons of London, or his little dog "Don," or his dachshund "Punch," they have all played their part in public and justified their existence as models, and have in their time been the pets as much of you and me as of their legal owner. But for all his connoisseurship in dogs, Mr. Du Maurier is wofully deficient in certain forms of sportsmanlike knowledge, and could he but have heard the howls in the cricket world a few years since when he ventured on depicting a "mixed match," and showed the wickets about forty yards apart, he would almost have wished the excellent joke untold. Herein, of course, he was not more ignorant than his friend Keene, who had to be specially coached (with what disastrous results, however!) when he wished to present a picture involving the "placing" of the field.

Apart from his artistic services to *Punch*, Mr. Du Maurier has been a contributor to its pages of verse and prose, comparable with much of the best that has appeared there. Who can forget his admirable nonsense-verses—his *Vers Nonsensiques à l'Usage des Familles Anglaises*, or his exquisite fooling in his "Shalott" poem, or his Alphabet verses, or his *Vers de Société?* They worthily heralded the novelist as we know him now, and the composer of one of the most brilliant lectures—brimming over with happy thought and sparkling epigram—that have been composed in recent years. It is by his long, varied, and effective service that Mr. Du Maurier has to be recognized as one of the four artists—Leech, Keene, and Tenniel being the others—who bore the chief share in raising *Punch* to his pinnacle, and who is to be named with Keene as a truthful recorder of the life and humors of society during the last forty years of the nineteenth century. But if it is for this achievement, and for his delightful genius that he is primarily esteemed in Whitefrairs and throughout the English-speaking world, it is for himself and his own good-humor that "Kiki"—as he is known to his intimates—has been regarded with affection by his colleagues during the long period of his honorable and brilliant connection.

For the space of one-and-twenty years—a period that has just drawn to a close—Mr. Du Maurier has lived and worked in New Grove House, Hampstead; and standing in its picturesque studio, backed by the great skin of his monster dog "Chang," and holding in his arms its surviving companion, "Punch," he has been photographed, for the last time in this place, in the glowing light of a spring evening. Here it is that he has produced all those drawings which you have seen in *Punch* since 1874—with the exception of the holiday sketches wrought at Scarborough, Whitby, Boulogne, or elsewhere—and as you make acquaintance with them you get to learn its most characteristic bits: its Gothic fireplace, its bow-window, and its window-seat. Unlike the ordinary studio, it is a good deal more of a drawing-room, with its many drawings in color and black and white by the artist's own hand, and by Charles Keene, Monsieur Helleu, and other magicians of the pencil and the needle. But latterly the model has been the draughtsman's more constant companion. "The older I grow," explains Mr. Du Maurier, "the more of a student and the more careful I become." So for every *Punch* drawing he now makes beautiful pencil studies which, in my opinion, are even more charming and more dainty than the pen-and-ink pictures which they assist in perfecting. Some of these studies, simply and directly drawn, are here reproduced; and they will be seen to reveal the graceful artistry of Mr. Du Maurier more completely than any work in his recognized medium.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN OF A. S. PUSHKIN.

BY CHARLES A. DANA.

BEAUTY.

IN her all is harmony, all is miracle,
All higher than the world and passions.
She reposes modestly
In her own triumphal beauty.
She has looked around her and finds no rival, no
 equal;
The pale circle of our beauties
Disappear in her splendor.

If perhaps thou hast not hastened
Even to a rendezvous of love;
If thy heart has not been kept alive
By thy tardy imagination;
Meeting with her, thou art confounded;
Suddenly halting, without willing it,
And worshipping reverentially
Before holy beauty.

THE PROPHET.

TORMENTED by thirst of the spirit
I was dragging myself through a gloomy desert,
When a six-winged seraph
At the cross-roads appeared to me.
With fingers light as a dream
My eyes he touched,
And my eyes opened wise,
Like those of a frightened she eagle.
My ears he touched,
And roaring and noise filled them;
And I heard the trembling of the heavens,
And the high flight of the angels,
And the movement of the creatures beneath the sea,
And the growing of grass in the valleys!
And he laid hold of my lips,
And tore out my sinful tongue—
Sinful, frivolous, and cunning;
And the sting of a wise serpent,
Between my unconscious lips,
With bloody right hand he planted.
And he cut through my breast with a sword,
And took out the trembling heart,
And a coal, blazing and flaming,
Into the open breast he thrust.
Like a corpse I lay in the desert,
And the voice of God called me:
Rise up, Prophet, and see, and understand!
Filled full of My Will,
Going forth over sea and land,
Set men's hearts afire with the Word.

THE TALISMAN.

THERE where the sea eternally dashes
On the rocky, desert cliffs,
Where the moon softly glitters
At the happy hour of evening shadows,
Where in the luxurious harem
The Mussulman wears away the days,
There an enchantress, bewitching,
Bestowed on me the talisman.

And caressingly she spoke:
"Preserve my talisman;
Mysterious power is in it!
'Tis to thee a gift of love.
Against sickness, against the grave,
Against storms, against thundering hurricanes,
Thy head, my beloved,
My talisman cannot protect.

"And the riches of the East
It cannot bestow upon thee;
The adorers of Mahomet
It does not make thy subjects,
And to the bosom of friendship
From sorrowful distant regions,
To thy birthplace, to the North from the South,
My talisman cannot transport thee.

"But when deceitful eyes
Would suddenly ensnare thee,
Or in the nightly darkness
Lips would kiss without love,
Beloved friend, from all wrong-doing,
From new wounds of the heart,
From treachery, from forgetfulness,
My talisman will save thee."

TO THE FOUNTAIN AT THE CASTLE OF BAKCHI-SERAI.

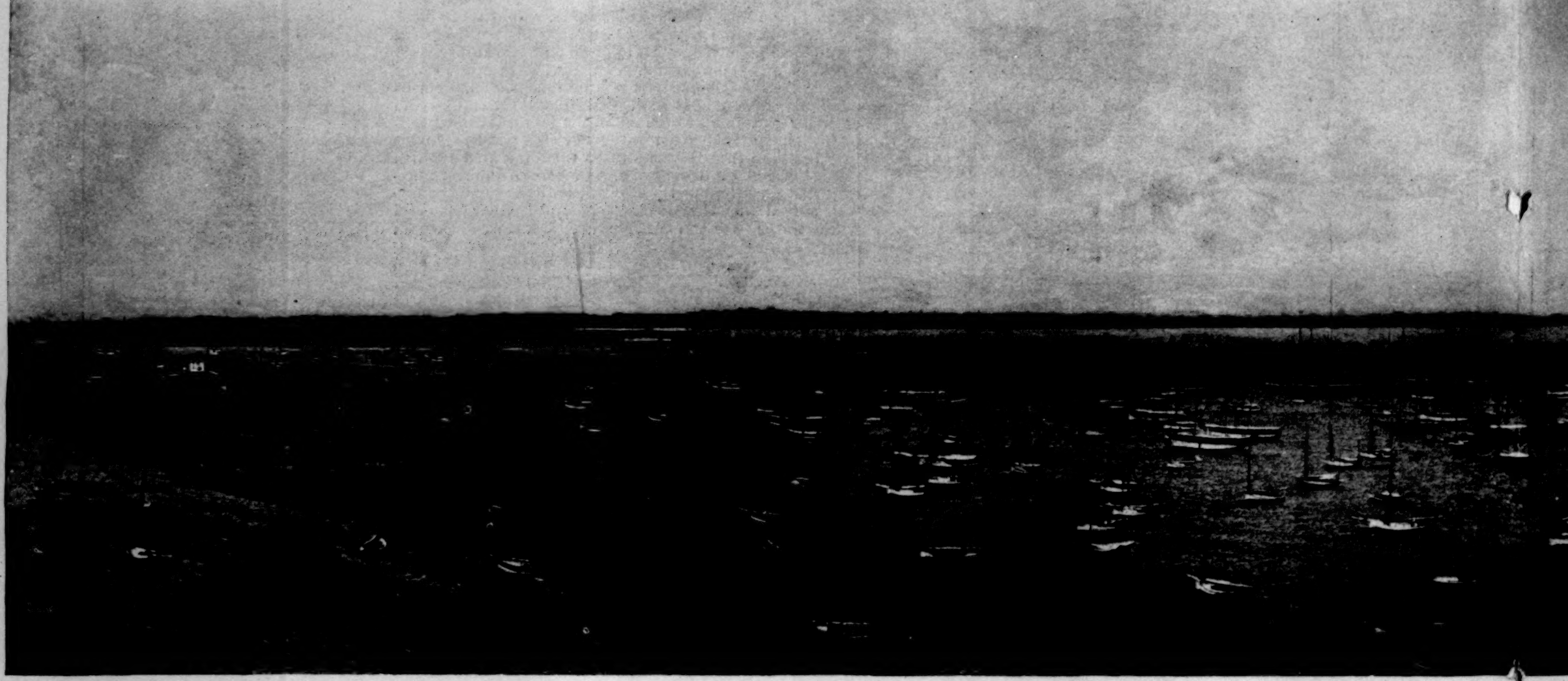
FOUNTAIN of love, fountain of life,
I bring thee as a gift two roses;
I love thy unceasing voice
And thy poetic tears.

Thy silver mist
Sprinkles me with refreshing dew;
Ah, flow on, flow on, fountain of consolation,
Murmur, murmur to me thy own history.

Fountain of love, sorrowful fountain,
I put the question to thy marbles,
Far away I caught their praise of the landscape,
But oh, Maria, thy voice was silent.

Pale star of the harem,
Hast thou here become utterly forgetful?
Or are Maria and Zarema
Only happy illusions of the mind?

Or is it but a dream of fantasy
Depicting on the desert mists
A momentary apparition,
The vague ideal of the soul?



NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE, '95—FLEET A

AMATEUR SPORT

WITH "VALKYRIE" SAILING AMERICAWARD, and *Defender* and *Vigilant* meeting again this week in the formal trial races, the nearness of the Cup races is realized. It is not likely the races between *Defender* and *Vigilant* will reveal qualities now unknown, or influence a choice different from what the comparative work of the two yachts has already made. There is no doubt whatsoever of *Defender's* superior speed on every point of sailing, save possibly running before a light air; there is no question of her marvellous windward work and fast reaching. Judged from their respective showing thus far this season *Defender* seems about 5 to 7 minutes faster in thirty miles of all-round work. *Vigilant* is said to be from 3 to 5 minutes faster this year than last, when she met *Britannia*. Following out that hypothesis, it would argue *Defender* 8 to 12 minutes faster than *Britannia*; and *Valkyrie III.* in her two races *vs. Britannia* was once the loser by about 3 minutes, and once the winner by over 18 minutes. It is a pretty subject for discussion. But until we see *Valkyrie* in these waters we shall not very likely get hold of anything tangible. We have heard so much in the way of rumor, however, that sportsmen will be, I am sure, glad of an opportunity of reading what an English yachtsman has to say of her. Hence I am giving space here to comment especially written for us and just received:

"VALKYRIE III."

AN ENGLISH YACHTSMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

It cannot be denied, whatever may be the feeling in America regarding the coming international contest, that we on this side of the Atlantic are showing enthusiasm such as no previous races have produced in the mind of John Bull. It is believed that the yacht which is now on her voyage across to the great continent is one so far in advance of all other yachts about her rating size, both as regards speed and weatherly qualities, that Mr. Herreshoff's *Defender* will have to be an out-and-outer if she is to give her the go-by, and show her the proverbial heels. To arrive at anything like a just conclusion regarding the merits of *Valkyrie III.* is not perhaps so difficult a matter as it was to obtain a true gauge of the comparative speed exhibited by the aspirants to the *America's* Cup in former years. Then there was no third yacht, such as a *Vigilant* or even a *Navahoe*, from whose performances some idea might be gleaned upon which to form a basis of opinion. This year, therefore, quite a unique state of events has placed us in possession of data by means of which a criterion of some value may be arrived at and an approximate judgment formed of the two yachts likely to be engaged in the forth-coming tussle for the honor—let it be called the "blue ribbon of the sea."

Looking back to the doings of *Valkyrie II.*, prior to her passage across the herring pond and in the matches sailed against the *Britannia*, very little difference appeared to exist between the two yachts in the matter of speed generally; and though *Valkyrie II.* proved herself, if anything, a trifle smarter on a wind than the *Britannia*, still, as all-round boats, there was no choice between them, the *Britannia* making up for any deficiency in that way by an extra turn of speed when sheets were off. Both yachts were designed and canvassed for racing under the Yacht-Racing Association Rule of Measurement, though the *Valkyrie* was built with the idea that speed on a wind should be her chief characteristic, because of the peculiarity of the course over which she was to sail in America, viz., 15 miles to windward and 15 miles to leeward. On American waters it was soon discovered that the *Valkyrie* would have been all the better for a greater sail spread, which she could easily have carried; but an extra area of canvas would have meant an extra weight of spars, which would have put her out of her original trim by giving her a rounder load water-line, and so, very likely, by drag preventing all the good which could have been derived from the extra sail to be carried, since it is always risky and dangerous to sink shallow beamy vessels lower in the water than the load water-line they are designed to float at. Many, it is well known, have thought

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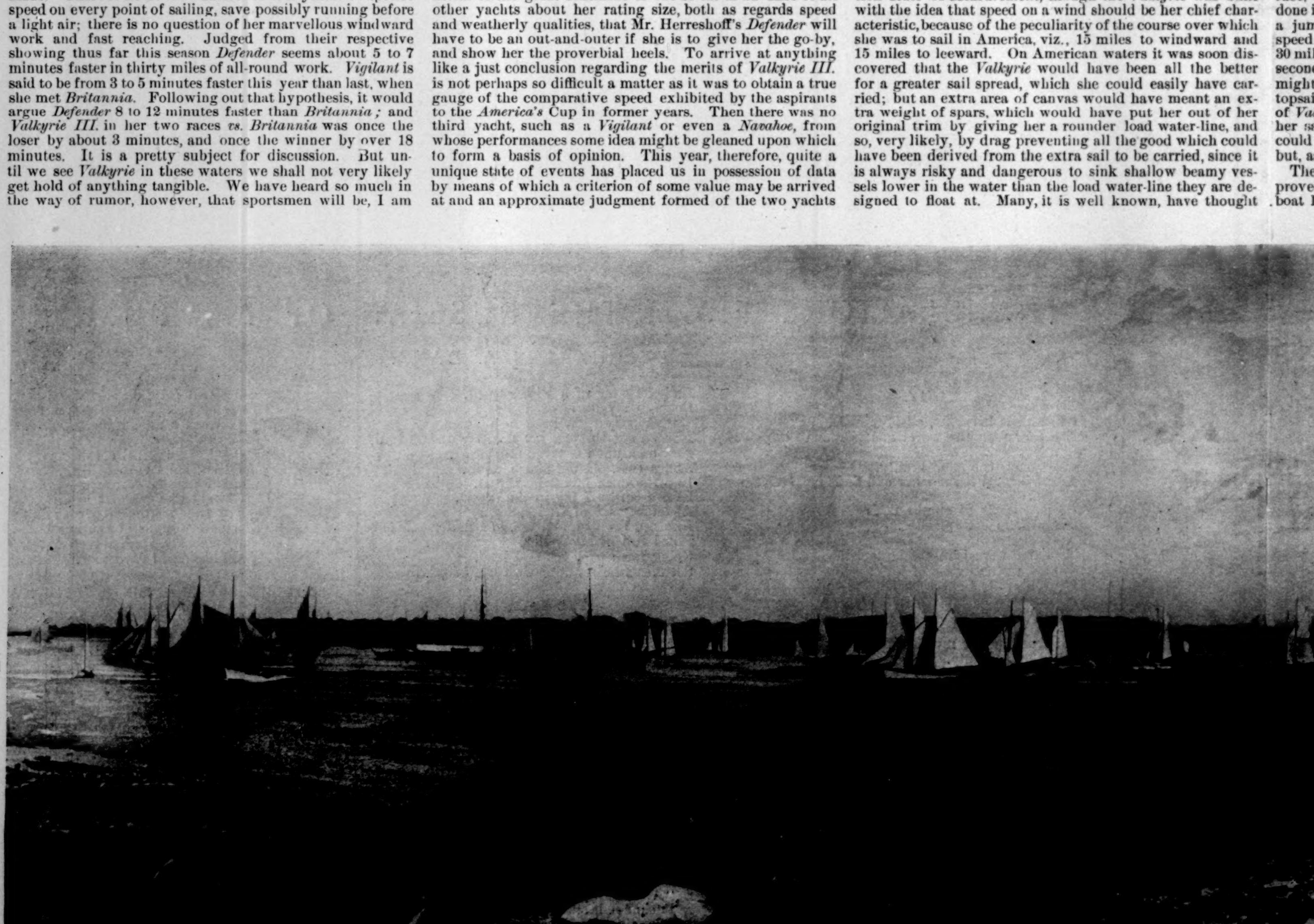


NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE, '95—FLE

LEET AT ANCHOR IN NEWPORT HARBOR.

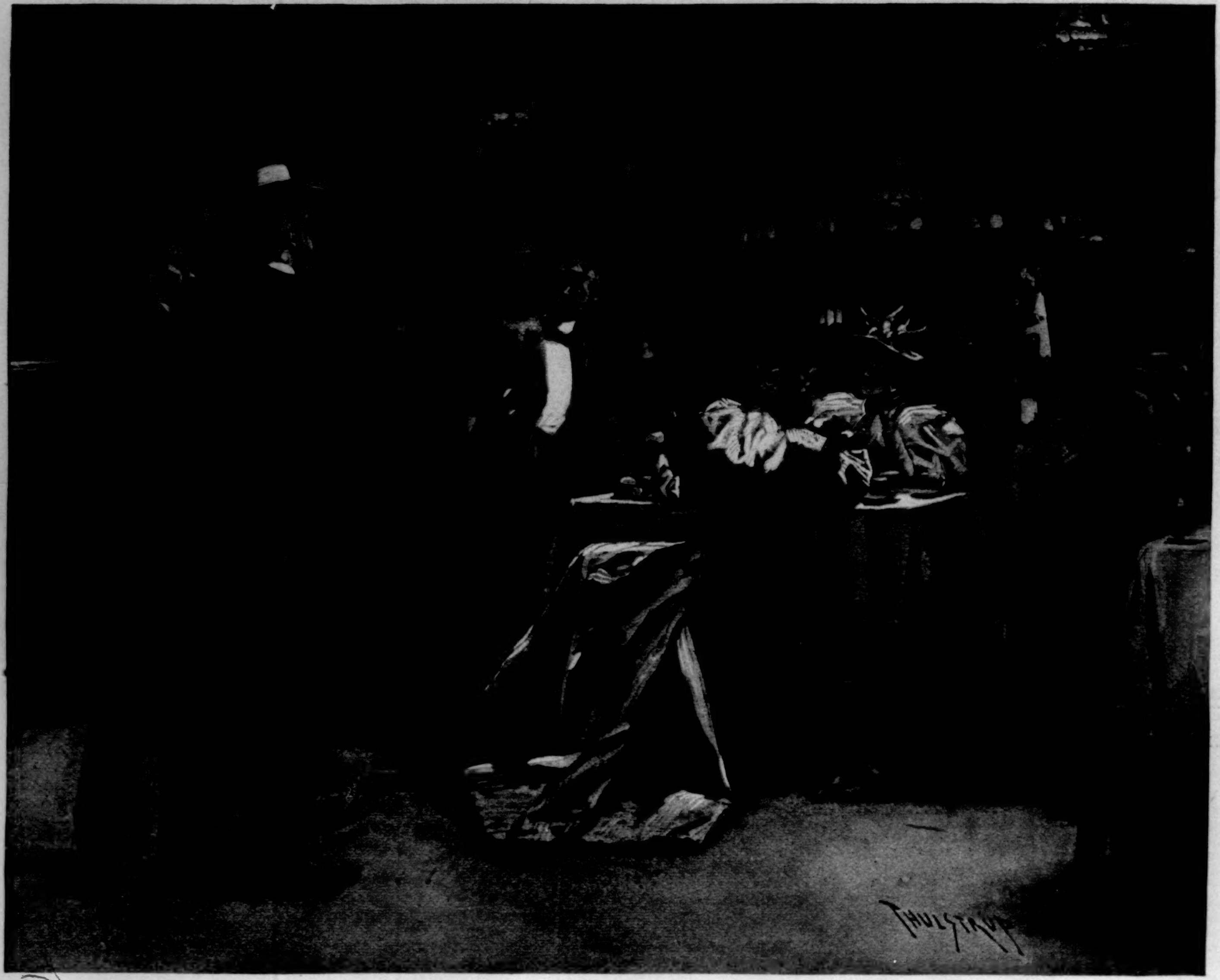
that *Britannia*, if anything, was the better boat of the two, and especially since her successes against *Vigilant* in British waters; but the same argument holds good with regard to her as to *Valkyrie II.*, there being no question but that, had she been sent over to race, she would have required a far greater sail plan than her present area to have enabled her to meet the *Vigilant* with any prospect of success on her own waters and on like terms; when, again, if the experiment had been tried, the extra weight of timber aloft might very likely have so altered her trim that she would, after all, have proved a failure. In reviewing the speed at which the American races were sailed, with the exception of the third race, when the 30 miles of sailing on and off the wind were done in 3 hours 26 minutes and 52 seconds, a strong breeze and a jump of a sea being the order of the day, the average speed shown was not very remarkable, for the first race, 30 miles were sailed in 4 hrs. 5 mins. with a light air, and the second in 4 hours with a fresh breeze, when both yachts might have done the course much faster had their jack-yard-topsails been in their sail lockers. Referring to the sailing of *Valkyrie II.* last year after her return from America, when her sail plan was increased, no perceptible improvement could be noticed in her performances against *Britannia*, but, as might have been expected, rather the reverse.

The races in 1894 between the *Britannia* and *Vigilant* proved without doubt that the *Vigilant* was the smarter boat had she been properly handled, or had Captain Haff been experienced in the peculiarities for which the courses round the British Isles, and over which he had to sail, are noted. It is a remarkable fact regarding the *Vigilant's* races on this side of the Atlantic that the average speed was very much greater than in her races with *Valkyrie*. For instance, in the private match off Cowes between the *Vigilant* and *Britannia* over a 42-mile course, with a fine breeze and jib-headers aloft, reaching, running, and beating to windward, the distance was covered in 4 hrs. 6 mins., or at a little over 10 miles per hour. In the Royal London match over a 50-mile course, with light winds and every kind of sailing, the time was similar per average mile to that of the second race in America. In the Town Cup at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta off Cowes, over an all-round course of 48 miles, and with jack-yard-topsails set through on a jib-header day, the course was done in 4 hrs. 48 mins., while at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta at Ryde the race for the Vice-Commodore's Cup on August 14, 1894, with jib-headed topsails aloft and a strong breeze, the 50 miles were done in 4 hrs. 12 mins., or at an average of about 12 knots per hour. On August 10th the *Britannia*, with a jib-header set over a single-reefed mainsail, did 120 miles round the Isle of Wight in 11 hrs. 36 mins. 48 secs., or close upon an average of 11 miles an hour.

This year the two new yachts *Ailsa* and *Valkyrie III.* have been pitted against the *Britannia*. In the Mediterranean the *Ailsa* proved herself the faster on all points in light winds, but unfortunately, and it is believed contrary to Mr. Fife's wishes, extra lead was fixed to her keel on her return home with the idea of making her stiffer, but, as might have been foreseen, her trim was so upset that after having completely lost her place of pre-eminence the extra weight had to be taken off her again. The old trim, however, has scarcely yet been found, and this, together with being persistently pinched when on wind, and her head-sails kept flat in so that at times she appeared as if she were at anchor, the fact of *Britannia's* continued success is no guarantee that she is anything like as fast a boat. Of the fastest races she sailed in Scotch waters, that at Rothesay over the Royal Northern course of 50 miles was covered in 5 hrs. 37 mins., the breeze being about force 4, while at the Mudhook Regatta the 50 miles were accomplished in 4 hrs. 26 mins., or over 11 knots per hour. In this race, with a true wind, accompanied by sharp squalls now and then, *Valkyrie III.* was fairly beaten both by *Ailsa* and *Britannia*, but this was owing rather to the fact that, forgetting the enormous mainsail she carries, and that she is sparred and sailed for light winds, it was not to be supposed that she would carry her large jack-yarder like the *Britannia* and *Ailsa*, and when at last the topsail was taken in the yacht gained rather than lost by the reduction of canvas. Though *Valkyrie III's* time was 3 minutes more than the *Britannia's* at the finish there can be no hesitation in saying that had

(*Continued on page 811.*)

—FLEET IN NEW LONDON HARBOR.



"WINSLOW FOUND HIMSELF STANDING FACE TO FACE WITH SAM SARGENT."

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

X.

BY the middle of April, Ezra Pierce had parted with more than half of his General Ceramic shares, and Winslow Pierce had pocketed the proceeds of his own speculation, the successful outcome of which allowed him the luxury of paying all his debts, and of having nearly five thousand dollars standing to his credit at the bank. Money in hand was pleasant to have, no doubt; but Winslow had not yet learned to value it, as he had found it very easy to get everything he fancied almost for the wishing. He had not yet discovered that what is really worth having in life must be earned before it can be enjoyed—every good thing must be paid for in advance. Nor had he then found out for himself that if an evil thing should be preferred it can be had on credit, and that the devil will give any man as long time as can be asked, secure in the certainty of sending in the bill sooner or later, and of having it paid in full, at last, principal and interest and the cost of collection.

It was not so much the money in the bank which gave Winslow Pierce a sense of having in his possession the golden key to the gate of the garden of pleasure; it was rather the belief that he had it in his power to replace the money in the bank as fast as he should spend it, and in the same way. Like many another young man, he thought he had found the philosopher's stone, or the purse of Fortunatus, or the goose that laid the golden eggs; and that whenever he should go again to the Stock Exchange his second voyage would be as successful as the first, and he would come home with another Golden Fleece. Yet there is no place in the world where those who go out to shear are as likely to come home shorn as the Stock Exchange, and nowhere is the wind less tempered to the shorn lamb. This Winslow was to discover in due season, when he should also awake to the fact that his having won money at his first venture was really the greatest misfortune which could befall him. Had he lost, he would have been forced to go to his father, and perhaps he might even then have been made to see the foolishness of trying to make money without labor and without guile. As he had won, he had no fear that he would not win always, and he was ready to try a fall with Fortune whenever occasion served.

A gamester in that frame of mind has never any need to wait long before he has a chance to try his luck again. Within a week after he had paid his debts Winslow was tempted into giving an order to the same broker he had dealt with before; and this was out of mere wantonness, for he had still more than four thousand dollars in the bank. It was Mr. Ryder who gave him the information on which he had acted, and it was Mr. Ryder who had boldly borrowed a thousand dollars on the strength of the information.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2012.

It happened that one of the clerks in the office of the broker Winslow Pierce favored with his orders was a friend of Mr. Farebrother, and it happened that this clerk and Mr. Farebrother sat on contiguous high stools as they ate their hasty luncheons the day after Winslow had made his second important venture.

When Mr. Farebrother returned to the office in Broad Street that afternoon he found nobody there except Arrowsmith, who laid down his pen at once, and climbed down from his high stool as soon as he saw his fellow-clerk.

"Old man out?" asked Farebrother, looking about.

"Yes," answered Arrowsmith.

"Prince Imperial out too?" Farebrother went on. "Lunching at Del's, isn't he?"

Arrowsmith said nothing in reply to this. He took off his worn office jacket and put on his coat, making ready to go out for his own luncheon.

"Heard the news?" Farebrother continued, as he went over to the fireplace and took his position before it. "It's exclusive, too. The Prince Imperial has taken another flier. He's got a pointer about Transcontinental, and he's sold a thousand shares at 25¼, seller ten."

Arrowsmith looked up, and seemed about to say something. But he changed his mind, and silently took down his hat.

"Now what I'd like to know," said Farebrother, chewing a wooden toothpick, "is what this Young Napoleon of ours means by tackling Transcontinental. You'd think that the old man had had enough of Transcontinental lately to last the whole family for a little while, wouldn't you? I suppose the Prince Imperial has got inside information somehow—and he's backing it. Now I've been in the Street long enough to know that inside information is just about the most expensive luxury a fellow can have. Where should I have been, I'd like to know, if I'd backed the inside information we had last year that the old man was going to lead a raid on Transcontinental?"

"You would have lost your money if I hadn't kept you out of it," declared the old bookkeeper.

"Well, that's so," Farebrother admitted. "And I guess you had better give the same sort of advice to our Young Napoleon here. It isn't any of my business."

"No," repeated Arrowsmith, going to the door, "it isn't."

"Well, I don't say it is," admitted Farebrother, in no way abashed. "But did you see that article in the *Gazette* yesterday about rich men's sons—how they don't amount to much mostly. It said that here in America there was only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. That's a good idea, isn't it?"

The weary bookkeeper shrugged his shoulders and made no other response.

"The old man started in his shirt sleeves, I guess," Farebrother continued. "And the third generation will be this baby they've been waiting for so long. That baby will go back to shirt sleeves if the old man doesn't get on to what the Prince Imperial is doing."

But Arrowsmith did not hear this. He had taken his gold-headed cane from the corner, and had gone forth to his luncheon—the cup of coffee and the roll which had formed his mid-day meal every week day since he had entered Ezra Pierce's office nearly a score of years earlier, after the firm in which he was a junior partner had failed, hopelessly in debt.

"He doesn't waste his breath talking, old Arrowsmith doesn't," said Farebrother to himself, as he saw the door close behind the spare frame of the bookkeeper. "But he can talk sense when he's a mind to, as I know well enough. I wonder if his father began in his shirt-sleeves? If it really ran that way every three generations—rich man, poor man, rich man—my turn ought to be money; my father was poor enough, goodness knows."

A few minutes before Ezra Pierce's clerk thus discussed the conditions of wealth-keeping here in the United States the first and only child of Winslow Pierce and of Mary Romeyn, his wife, had been held by its nurse to its mother's lips for its first kiss. This long-expected baby proved to be a girl—to the great disappointment of its grandfather, who had intended to have the boy called Ezra Pierce, Jun. As it was, the girl was named for her grandmother, Jane Winslow Pierce; and her grandmother took the greatest delight in the little pink midget.

The mother was very weak for many days, recovering her strength slowly. Spring came sharply, and the trees in the square below her window were green again and thick with leaves before Mary Pierce was able to do more than sit up in bed. Winslow's mother hovered about her grandchild and her daughter-in-law, full of mild suggestions for the comfort of the one or the other. Indeed, so often did the elderly lady run up the stairs to the floor above her own that she almost brought on a dangerous attack of the heart-disease which was ever lying in wait to take her unawares. At last the doctor forbade Mrs. Pierce from climbing to the floor above more than twice a day. So she went up in the morning a little after breakfast, when she had given her orders for the day, and she remained up there almost until lunch-time; then she returned, and spent most of the afternoon also. She was almost the only companion the young mother had except the trained nurse. Ezra Pierce came to see her and the baby for a minute only, every three or four days. The baby's father sat by the bedside for an hour every morning before he went down to the office; and he came in again for a few minutes in the afternoon, whenever he had not been delayed on his way uptown, or whenever he was not going out to dinner.

Perhaps Ezra Pierce would have remarked his son's more frequent absences from the family table if it had not been for the general rearrangement of their home life consequent upon the arrival of the baby. To Winslow

Pierce the monotony of the evenings spent about the drop-light on the marble-topped table in his mother's parlor became almost unbearable, and he escaped from it as often as he could.

"You don't know how poky it is at our house now that my wife is sick abed," Winslow declared to his friend Ryder one evening towards the end of May, when he had slipped away to dine at a new hotel, and to go afterwards to see a new spectacular play in which Miss Daisy Fostelle was to play the leading part.

Ryder laughed lightly. "I don't myself care much for what they call 'happy evenings in the home circle,'" he said. "If you don't have a good time when you are young, when are you going to have it?"

"That's just what I think," Winslow responded. "I can get the money now; why shouldn't I have some fun with it?"

"I guess you know how to have fun with your money as well as the next man," Ryder returned.

Winslow was ingenious in devising new excuses for his more frequent absences from the family circle. He invented a special committee of the alumni association of his college, of which he made himself a member, and which dined together once a fortnight. He was fertile in expedients when he devoted himself to the task; and he had an excellent memory, so that he never involved himself in the meshes of self-contradiction. To a clean conscience the real punishment for a lie is in the resulting necessity of lying again and again, doubly indorsing the first false statement; but Winslow Pierce soon wore his conscience callous, so that he felt no pricks and stings at his fabrications. Indeed, he came almost to take pride in his own skill in mendacity.

He had a room to himself now, as the trained nurse slept in Mary's bedroom; and there was no one to ask questions as to the hour when he came home. His one difficulty was to find a pretext for going out; once out, he was free to come home when he pleased. Of this freedom he availed himself to the utmost, going to supper after the theatre, or lingering over a game of poker at the Hoyle Club until two or three o'clock in the morning.

He did not suspect that his sick wife waited for his footstep every night, and would not go to sleep until she heard it. She was too proud to complain, and she was too unselfish to wish to curtail any amusement her husband might find outside of the home which she was then too weak to make cheerful for him. But though she said nothing, she waited for his return every night, and became anxious as the hours passed without his footfall on the stairs. Thus she did not gain in strength.

One night, when he was unusually late, the trained nurse, coming to give Mary a medicine to be taken every three hours, found the young mother in a faint. The doctor was sent for in haste, and when Winslow appeared stealthily at nearly four o'clock in the morning, after a prolonged supper at a doubtful French restaurant, he found the household aroused, and he was told that his wife was in great danger. For two days Mary lingered between life and death; and then her youth conquered, aided by the constitution which was her wholesome inheritance from a clean-lived ancestry. She began to mend again; and although she was feeble all summer, she did not have another relapse.

As she improved day by day Winslow was more attentive to her, as though he reproached himself for some neglect or injury. And he did not like to remember that, as he had sat in the room next to that in which she lay, not knowing whether or not she would survive the night, he had wondered whether he would marry again if she were to die, and what manner of wife he would choose the second time.

Although Mary improved in health steadily, and gained strength day by day, it was thought best to keep the trained nurse with her until she could be removed to the country. The doctor recommended them to take a house at the sea-side, near enough to town to let the men of the family go in and out every day, and yet far enough away from the city to give the young mother and the little baby daughter a change of air. There was a house near Stamford, out on Noroton Point, which he thought might suit them. And there they betook themselves one day towards the middle of June, and there mother and child throve together.

The house was spacious and comfortable; it stood near the end of the point, and its broad piazzas were swept by every breeze that blew up or down the Sound. There was a fairly good tennis lawn at one side of the house, and Winslow made acquaintance with three or four of the neighbors, so that he was able to get a game whenever he staid out all day and did not go to town. Ezra Pierce went to the city almost every morning, and made his plans and put them into execution wholly regardless of the heat. He paid no attention whatever to the seasons; it might be hot or it might be cold for all he cared or for all he noted; his mind was on his own projects, and he had none to spare to consider the variations of the weather. It did not matter how scorchingly hot the day promised to be, Ezra Pierce went to his office, not only not suffering from the heat, but not feeling it, or at least not conscious of it, so intent was he upon matters of more importance.

The attraction of novelty and the force of habit are the opposing powers which account for a man's zigzag course through life, and Winslow Pierce did not walk a straight line that summer. For days he would be contented with the quiet life of the household in the country, finding his amusement in strolling with his wife and in playing tennis; and going into town with his father three or four times a week, and coming out with him regularly in the evening. Sometimes he would even forego his luncheon with Ryder and his other club friends, and induce his father to come out for a simple mid-day meal.

Then, after a while, he would become dissatisfied, and the simple pleasures of family life had no longer any attraction for him, and he would long to get away to the boon companions he had made during the winter. Generally these fits of restlessness were coincident with his losses on the Stock Exchange. His little speculation in Transcontinental had been successful; for once inside information had proved trustworthy. He had gone on speculating, making money sometimes, and more often losing it. He had neither the insight nor the large knowledge of the conditions of trade which stand some men in stead when they venture into Wall Street; nor had he the mastery of means which his father commanded in the large operations Ezra Pierce liked to undertake and generally succeeded in. Winslow's buying and selling was wholly at random; it was not governed by any principle whatever; it was the purest gambling, and it produced upon him the effect that the habit of gambling produces upon natures like his. He became nervous, irritable, extravagant in his expenditures, and avid of excitement.

Before the family had been established in Noroton a month, Winslow had devised more than one excuse for remaining in town overnight, and he was ingenious enough to make it seem that he was detained not for his own pleasure but against his will and at the call of duty.

One afternoon, in the middle of August, just as Ezra Pierce was closing up his day's work, a messenger-boy came into the office with this note:

"Dear Father,—I find I can't go out to Noroton with you this evening, for I feel that I ought to stay in town all night to take care of a sick friend. It is Mr. Ryder—you have heard me speak of him, I know—he was in college with me. Well, he is quite sick—it is nothing dangerous, but the doctor says he ought to have somebody with him all night, and his brother has been away on his vacation for a week now. And so I said I would stay in to-night. Please explain to mother and to Mary how sorry I am not to be able to be out to-night. I had meant to have a long walk by moonlight with Mary. But I think it is really my duty to stay in town to-night. Of course I will be down at the office to-morrow morning before you get in.
Winslow."

Ezra Pierce read this hastily, and put it in his pocket.

When he showed it to his wife and his daughter-in-law that evening Mrs. Pierce said: "I don't see why Winslow has to stay in town to take care of this young man. Hasn't he any other friends?"

Mary's eyes had a singular glitter just then, and yet she answered gently: "Winslow is only doing his duty, mother. Somebody must stay with Mr. Ryder, I suppose, since his brother is away and he is so sick."

Apparently Mr. Ryder's illness was not dangerous, and the attack was momentary only, for he and Winslow Pierce were able to go down to Coney Island for dinner that evening. It was a very good dinner which Winslow ordered, and his guests enjoyed it, as they sat out on the broad veranda listening to the music and catching a glimpse now and then of the surf silvered by the moonlight. When the two young men lighted their cigars at last, the two young ladies who made up the quartet were coaxed into smoking tiny Russian cigarettes. There was a merry altercation as to which of the young women should begin.

As the clear laughter of one of the two young ladies rang out on the night air, a man seated at a table in the corner, where he had been talking earnestly to a single companion, looked up and said, "Hello, that's Daisy Fostelle's voice."

"Is it?" returned his friend, negligently.

"I wonder who is with her down here to-night?" said the first speaker, Sam Sargent.

"I don't," answered his companion, Mr. Cyrus J. Poole, a younger man by ten years at least.

"Then you don't get as much fun out of life as I do," retorted Sargent.

Poole smiled grimly. "I get my fun in a different way, perhaps," he responded.

"Let's go down to the water," Sargent proposed. "We can talk over this scheme of yours just as well down there."

"All right," Poole answered.

The two men rose and came towards the table where Winslow Pierce and his friends were sitting. As Ryder caught sight of Mr. Poole he dropped his cigar, and had to go down on his hands and knees under the table to get it again. Winslow rose to proffer his assistance, and found himself standing face to face with Sam Sargent, who had paused before the table.

"Oh, Mr. Sargent!" Winslow murmured.

"It's young Pierce, isn't it?" Sargent responded, whereupon Poole looked the young man through and through.

Winslow bore the scrutiny as best he could, wondering why this dark and stern-faced man should so stare at him. He preferred the tolerant smile of Sam Sargent.

The two men had paused in their walk only for a moment as Winslow had involuntarily recognized Sam Sargent, and now they went on again. As they passed the group of young people Sargent looked back over his shoulder, and smiled once more and inquired, "Sonny, does your mother know you're out?"

Then, as Ryder came out from under the table, Winslow Pierce said, "That's Sam Sargent, the great speculator."

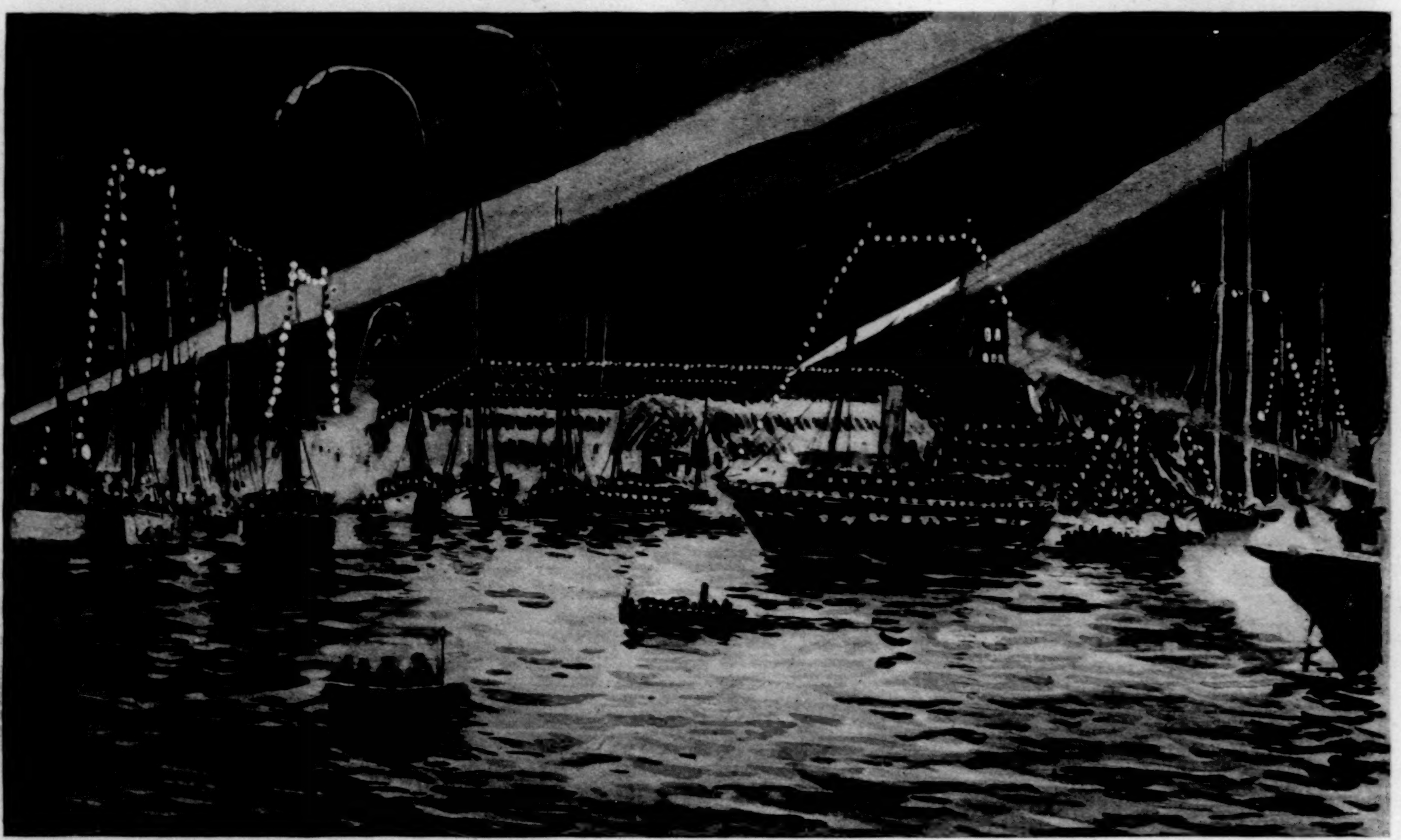
"Oh, I know him," Miss Daisy Fostelle responded.

"But who was that horrid-looking man with him?" asked the other young lady.

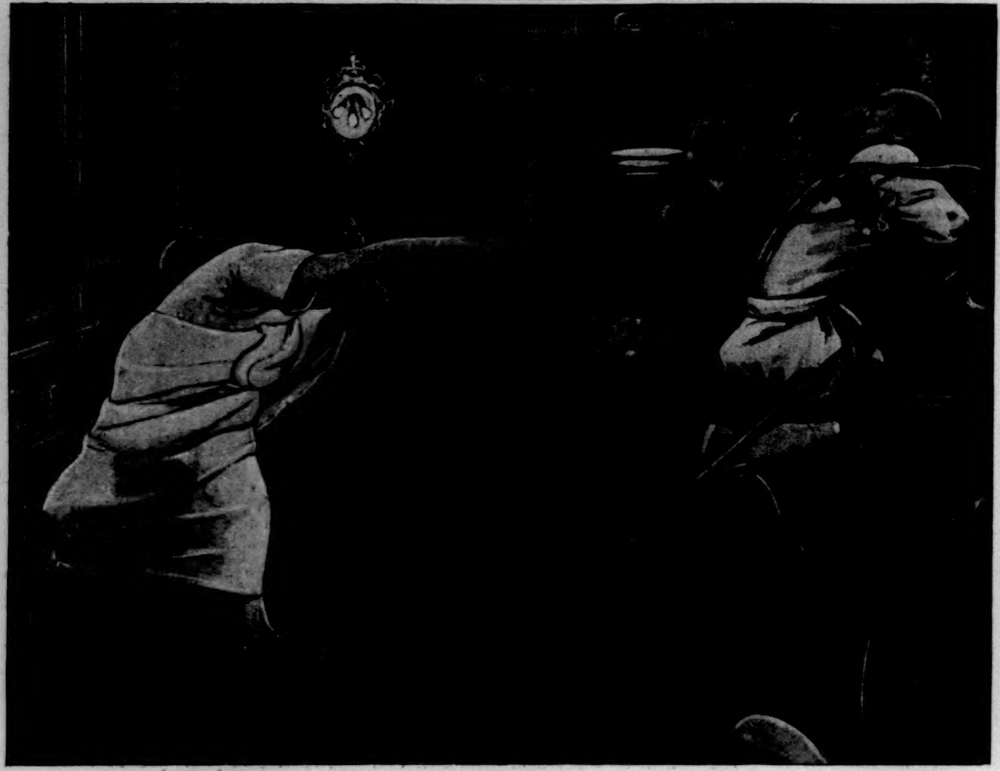
"That's Cyrus Poole," Ryder replied. "That's the man, Winslow, who went back on your father in the raid on Transcontinental. Ever since then he and Sam Sargent have been as thick as thieves."

"I don't see why he looked at me that way," said Winslow. "I've never done him any harm."

[to be continued.]



NEW YORK YACHT-CLUB CRUISE, '95—NIGHT ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEET, AUGUST 6th, IN NEWPORT HARBOR.—Drawn by Carleton Chapman.



"'GOOD SHOT,' SAID DOCTOR JOHNSON, NONCHALANTLY."

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIVERS DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES.

(*Publication Authorized by the House Committee.*)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

II.—A DISPUTED AUTHORSHIP.

"HOW are you, Charon?" said Shakespeare, as the Janitor assisted him on board. "Any one here to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said Charon. "Lord Bacon is up in the library, and Doctor Johnson is down in the billiard-room playing pool with Nero."

Shakespeare tossed up an obolus. "Heads—Bacon; tails—pool with Nero and Johnson," he said.

The coin came down with heads up, and Shakespeare went into the pool-room, just to show the Fates that he didn't care a tuppence for their verdict as registered through the obolus. It was a peculiar custom of Shakespeare's to toss up a coin to decide questions of little consequence, and then do the thing the coin decided he should not do. The Fates, however, only smiled at these little acts of rebellion, and it was common gossip in Erebus that one of the trio had told the Furies that they had observed Shakespeare's tendency to kick over the traces, and always acted accordingly. They never let the coin fall so as to decide a question the way they wanted it, so that unwittingly the great dramatist did their will after all. It was a part of their plan that upon this occasion Shakespeare should play pool with Doctor Johnson and the Emperor Nero, and hence it was that the coin bade him repair to the library and chat with Lord Bacon.

"Hullo, William!" said the Doctor, pocketing three balls on the break. "How's our little Swanlet of Avon this afternoon?"

"Worn out," Shakespeare replied. "I've been hard at work on a play this morning, and I'm tired."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," said Nero, grinning broadly.

"You are a bright spirit," said Shakespeare, with a sigh. "I wish I had thought to work you up into a tragedy. Just think what a dreadful climax for a tragedy it would be, Johnson, to have Nero, as the curtain fell, playing a violin solo!"

"Pretty good," returned the Doctor. "But what's the use of killing off your audience that way? It's better business to let 'em live, I say. Suppose Nero gave a London audience that little musical he provided at Queen Elizabeth's Wednesday night? How many purely mortal beings, do you think, would have come out alive?"

"Not one," said Shakespeare. "I was mighty glad that night that we were an immortal band. If it had been possible to kill us we'd have died then and there."

"That's all right," said Nero, with a significant shake of his head. "As my friend Bacon makes Iago say, 'Beware, my lord, of jealousy.' You never could play a garden hose, much less a fiddle."

"What do you mean by attributing those words to Bacon," demanded Shakespeare, getting red in the face.

"Oh, come now, William," remonstrated Nero. "It's all right to pull the wool over the eyes of the mortals. That's what they're there for; but as for us—what's the use of putting on nonsense with us?"

"We'll see in a minute what the use is," retorted the Avonian. "We'll have Bacon down here." Here he touched an electric bell, and Charon came in answer.

"Charon, bring Doctor Johnson the usual glass of ale. Get some ice for the Emperor, and ask Lord Bacon to step down here a minute."

"I don't want any ice," said Nero.

"Not now," retorted Shakespeare, "but you will in a few minutes. When we have finished with you, you'll want an iceberg. I'm getting tired of this idiotic talk about not having written my own works. There's one thing about Nero's music that I've never said, because I haven't wanted to hurt his feelings, but since he has chosen to cast aspersions upon my honesty, I haven't any hesitation in saying it now. I believe it was one of his fiddlings that sent Nature into convulsions and caused the destruction of Pompeii—so there! Put that on your music-rack and fiddle it, my little Emperor."

Nero's face grew purple with anger, and poising his cue on high as though it were a lance, hurled it at the impertinent dramatist with all his strength, and with such accuracy of aim that it pierced the spot beneath which in life the heart of Shakespeare used to beat.

"Good shot," said Doctor Johnson, nonchalantly. "If you had been a mortal, William, it would have been the end of you."

"You can't kill me," said Shakespeare, shrugging his shoulders. "I know seven dozen actors in the United States who are trying to, but they can't. I wish they'd try to kill a critic once in a while instead of me, though," he added. "I went over to Boston one night last week, and, unknown to anybody, I waylaid a fellow who was to play Hamlet that night. I drugged him, and went to the theatre and played the part myself, and next morning watched curiously for the criticisms."

"Favorable?" asked the Doctor.

"They all dismissed me with a line," said the dramatist. "Said my conception of the part was not Shakespearian. And that's criticism!"

"No," said the shade of Emerson, which had strolled in while Shakespeare was talking. "That isn't criticism; that's Boston."

"Who discovered Boston, anyhow?" asked Doctor Johnson. "It wasn't Columbus, was it?"

"Oh no," said Emerson. "Old Governor Winthrop is to blame for that. When he settled at Charlestown he saw the old Indian town of Shawmut across the Charles."

"And Shawmut was the Boston microbe, was it?" asked Johnson.

"Yes," said Emerson.

"Spelt with a P, I suppose?" said Shakespeare. "P-S-H-A-W, pshaw, M-U-T, mut, Pshawmut, so called because the inhabitants are always muttering pshaw. Eh?"

"Pretty good," said Johnson. "I wish I'd said that."

"Well, tell Boswell," said Shakespeare. "He'll make you say it, and it 'll be all the same in a hundred years."

Lord Bacon accompanied by Charon, and the ice for Nero, and the ale for Doctor Johnson appeared as Shakespeare spoke.

"Did you send for me, William?" Bacon asked, languidly.

"I did," said Shakespeare. "I sent for you because this imperial violinist here says that you wrote *Othello*."

"What nonsense!" said Bacon. "The only plays of yours I wrote were *Ham*—"

"'Sh!" said Shakespeare, shaking his head madly. "Hush. Nobody's said anything about that. This is purely a discussion of *Othello*."

"The fiddling ex-Emperor Nero," said Bacon, loudly enough to be heard all about the room, "is mistaken when he attributes *Othello* to me."

"Aha, Master Nero!" cried Shakespeare, triumphantly. "What did I tell you?"

"Then I erred," said Nero. "And I apologize. But really, my lord," he added, addressing Bacon, "I fancied I detected your fine Italian hand in that."

"No, I had nothing to do with the *Othello*," said Bacon. "I never really knew who wrote it."

"Never mind about that," whispered Shakespeare. "You've said enough."

"That's good too," said Nero, with a chuckle. "Shakespeare here claims it as his own."

Bacon smiled and nodded approvingly at the blushing Avonian.

"Will always was having his little joke," he said. "Eh, Will? How we fooled 'em on *Hamlet*—eh, my boy? Ha, ha, ha! It was the greatest joke of the century."

"Well, the laugh is on you," said Doctor Johnson. "If you wrote *Hamlet* and didn't have the sense to acknowledge it you present to my mind a closer resemblance to Simple Simon than to Socrates. For my part I don't believe you did write it, and I do believe that Shakespeare did. I can tell that by the spelling."

"Shakespeare was my stenographer, gentlemen," said Lord Bacon. "If you want to know the whole truth, he did write *Hamlet*, literally. But it was at my dictation."

"I side with Shakespeare," put in Emerson. "I've seen his autographs, and no sane person would employ a man who wrote such a villanously bad hand as an amanuensis. It's no use, Bacon; we know a thing or two. I'm a New-Englander, I am."

"Well," said Bacon, shrugging his shoulders, as though the results of the controversy were immaterial to him, "have it so if you please. There isn't any money in Shakespeare these days, so what's the use of quarrelling? I wrote *Hamlet*, and Shakespeare knows it. Others know it. Ah, here comes Sir Walter Raleigh. We'll leave it to him. He was cognizant of the whole affair."

"I leave it to nobody," said Shakespeare, sulkily.

"What's the trouble?" asked Raleigh, sauntering up and taking a chair under the cue-rack. "Talking politics?"

"Not we," said Bacon. "It's the old question about the authorship of *Hamlet*. Will, as usual, claims it for himself. He'll be saying he wrote Genesis next."

"Well, what if he does?" laughed Raleigh. "We all know Will and his droll ways."

"No doubt," put in Nero. "But the question of *Hamlet* always excites him so, that we'd like to have it settled once and for all as to who wrote it. Bacon says you know."

"I do," said Raleigh.

"Then settle it once and for all," said Bacon. "I'm rather tired of the discussion myself."

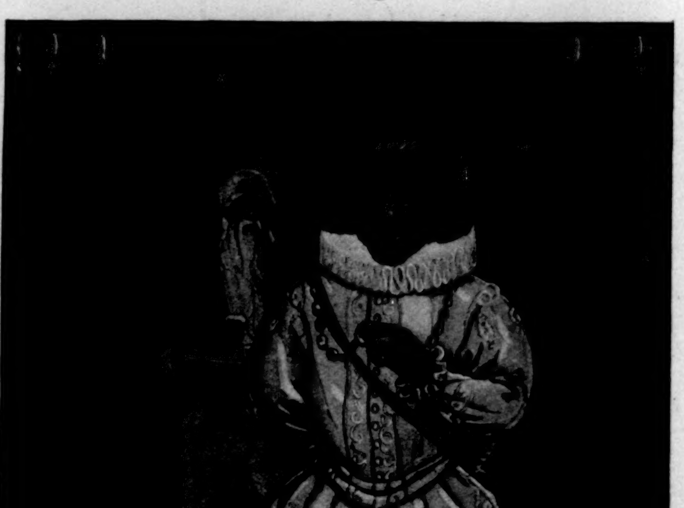
"Shall I tell 'em, Shakespeare?" asked Raleigh.

"It's immaterial to me," said Shakespeare, airily. "If you wish—only tell the truth."

"Very well," said Raleigh, lighting a cigar. "I'm not ashamed of it. I wrote the thing myself."

There was a roar of laughter, which, when it subsided, found Shakespeare rapidly disappearing through the door, while all the others in the room ordered various beverages at the expense of Lord Bacon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"LORD BACON ACCOMPANIED BY CHARON APPEARED."

THE FUGITIVE OF TEZCO.

BY EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.

I PUSHED through the thicket of forest undergrowth cautiously, and paused to take breath only when I had crossed the roots that bridged the morass of the Callio.

Hidden in the shadows of a wood so dense that the eye could hardly penetrate a hundred feet, I yet could imagine I heard those shouts of my pursuers which had urged me to almost superhuman speed two hours before.

"Down with Arroya! Seize the rebel!" When such greetings as these are punctuated with a patter of rifle-balls one naturally feels cold, even in such a warm climate as that of our republic of Tezco. He forgets that he is wounded, and that the hastily applied bandage does not prevent the spilling of some precious blood-drops along the way, to decorate the leaves of the plantain and stain the bayonets of the prickly-pear. The cactus thorns are sharp, and the vines are all atangle with cruel fingers that tear and wound, as my scarred hands and tattered clothes could testify; but then—Moñez was much more cruel, and the steel of his followers much sharper.

His followers! Even as I ran for my life I could not forbear a smile at the grim jest which made Moñez's followers mine for the time.

I thirsted, but I did not dare to turn aside for any spring or watercourse, nor to linger except to get breath. The foot-hills, with their refuge in the old Indian silver-caves, were before me, and must be reached before nightfall.

This was not exactly what I had pictured to myself as the result of the day's adventure, but it was the fortune of war, and must be endured. No doubt they were quite right when they termed me a traitor and a rebel, for so I was. But if my attack and desperate effort to displace Moñez and reach the Presidential chair had been successful—as it almost was—I should have been hero and conqueror and liberator, and all the other fine names which we Spaniards know so well how to bestow upon a fortunate general.

I did not blame Moñez at all. Naturally he did not like to have a trusted general turn his troops against him and strike for the Presidency. It was like a bolt out of a clear sky.

That was a brief revolution even for this land, where no one hurries ordinarily, but where passion puts into men's blood the sudden energy of a panther. How often we have laughed at the impotent fussing and fuming of Northerners who have visited us, as they have been met at every turn of business with the suave, leisurely "Mañana, Señor." But if they stay long enough and outlive one of our revolutions they find that we sometimes catch up with to-morrow in a very surprising and energetic way.

These things I thought over as I ran—not swiftly: the tangled vines and masses of fern and roots did not allow of anything like that. My ancestry is Indian as well as Spanish, and the ability to run all day without exhaustion is a proverbial trait; but with a wound, and in the basin of the Callio! One must see that ground to appreciate it. I passed a stream, sluggish and dark, into which the alligators slid from the wet banks. I had to search some time for a log on which to cross; a serpent was enjoying his siesta there, and rather than disturb him I sought a second one. Great red orchids brightened up the gloom of the rank foliage like flames. On the other side of the stream I found a wild orange-tree, and drank its bitter juice as I ran. It is a rare tonic. I remember too that a flock of parrots began to scream after me, for I had disturbed them in that repose which all tropical things, except the insects, enjoy at noon. I thought for a moment that Moñez's men had found me. How vividly all such things are impressed upon the mind at such a time!

Thinking about Moñez and the affair of the morning, I did not blame him at all, as I have said. But then—my position! A general in the morning, an insurgent chief at noon, a fugitive two hours before sunset. That was not only making history, it was condensing it. If Moñez could only lay his hands, those red hands of his, upon the rebel, he would make short work of him. A priest (for form's sake, because no Spaniard would deny a condemned man the consolations of the Church), then a row of riflemen, an officer who stands imperturbably and smokes his cigarette while his subordinate counts, a white adobe wall with a black figure casting a shadow almost as black upon it, and a long box at his heels for him to fall into. Pah! What makes one think of such things? I was hot and feverish with my wound, and that must have been why I was thinking, always thinking, as I ran; and the thoughts were not always pleasant.

Of course any one would do the same as Moñez if his enemy should fall into his hand. I would. I have done so. If Moñez had become my prisoner, I would not have been fool enough to spare him, and he was well aware of that. What I detested in the President was not his severity, but his mismanagement of the affairs of the republic. He seemed to think that the treasury was only an extension of his private pocket-book, and everything in the country merely subsidiary to his individual interests. Well, we were the patriots, and we struck for our country and glory; and people may sing "traitor" all they like now: had we succeeded, they would have built triumphal arches for us—the bills for which the President would afterwards be expected to settle.

Moñez never forgave me for aspiring to the hand of his niece. Santiago! Does the dotard think to keep her always like a bird in a cage? He boasts that he is pure Castilian descent. Thank God, I am not ashamed of the Indian in mine! But Señorita Pepita loved me, and that made it worse and worse. That would sign my death-warrant if nothing else availed.

What hurt me more than anything else was to think of those poor, brave fellows, with their white faces turned up to the pitiless sky, in the market-place where they fell. There were only fifty of them, but they were fifty heroes, and if I live I will have a life for every one of them. They were the flower of the army, and Moñez will miss them and me in the next war.

For hiding or for stratagem nothing can surpass the forests of the Callio; but for flight, no. I would almost as soon think of making speed through the interminable meshes of a folded net. Yet there had been some progress. My hands burned with the cowitch and nettles, my feet were torn by the cactus, my clothes were in shreds, and my head almost bursting with the terrible heat and fatigue of the day; but the belt of woods that lay between me and the foot-hills had narrowed so that I knew that I could reach the silver-caves before the short twilight was over.

There were tracks at one point where a tiger had trodden on the moist ground in the morning. I could imagine his Majesty returning that way at night, and sniffing along my trail to discover who had had the temerity to cross his. I did not fear him: there were arms in the cave.

An open, rock-encumbered swale told me that I had nearly reached the foot-hills and safety. It was a weird, terrible place, full of haunting suggestions and symbols. The trees that enclosed it formed a massive wall of shadow that was like the black sides of a tall cañon. The vines that clung to them in fantastic meshes were huge and black, twisting in and out like snakes. But the most singular and terrible features of the clearing were a number of rudely carved rocks, graven into forms that were partly human and partly animal. There were the symbols of the eagle, the tortoise, the wolf, and the serpent, some half embedded in the earth, and others overturned, but all terrible; while central among them stood a monster with bulging eyes and wide jaws, his rough tongue protruding upon his shaggy breast. How often had that horrid tongue been smeared with the warm hearts of victims killed in sacrifice—war prisoners dismembered by those savage ancestors of mine in this their sacred grove of the gods! I think the sight and the thought almost reconciled me to the idea of the adobe wall and the line of riflemen and the long box.

The silver-caves at last. The sun was sinking as I reached them, and the twilight is so short in our part of the world that I made haste to secure myself against intrusion. Then I did not fear until the morrow, and with the morrow I would be again on foot, seeking more distant fastnesses, where I could gather around me again the remnant of our faction and wait for better times. There were a few scattered huts on the mountain-side, and the President had a country house not far away, but I knew that no one could find me so late. However, I barricaded as well as possible against wild beasts, for I had no desire for an interview with a tiger.

The cave was not entirely unready. I had caused preparations to be secretly made for such an emergency. There were wraps in an inner chamber, where one might also build a fire at night, when the escaping smoke would not betray him. The air of the cavern was very chill and damp after the heat of the Callio basin. This was a natural cave, into which ancient workmen had come with rude instruments to get out the precious metal. As a consequence there was an incongruity between the glittering points of stalactites that hung from the vaulted roof, thrown into relief by a background blackened by the smoke of many fires, and the rich peacock markings of the emerald and indigo silver quartz that ran like a belt across one side of the cave. There was the drip, drip, drip of water somewhere; I did not care to seek it just then—a little stream by the entrance had refreshed me, and a bottle of aguardiente on a rock shelf close at hand was much nearer.

I lay in the skins and puffed my cigarette, saw the fire

light, and heard the water with the perfect animal comfort of a well man who enjoys rest because he has been tired.

The events of the day seemed very far away now that I had put the montaña between them and me. I am not one to indulge in emotions, either retrospectively or in anticipation. What *is* moves me. That is enough for me. If I killed a man in anger to-day, I could hardly recall enough of that passion to-morrow to enable me to recollect why I did it. Like most of my race, I feel strongly, violently perhaps, but I do not treasure stale emotions.

So I lay half comfortable at least, in my refuge, and considered that I was a foolish fellow to try to jar the world as it moves on its axis.

However, I must plan. Not much to do. "A short horse soon groomed," the negroes say. At break of day to be up, get as good a supply of food as I could, and strike out for the mountains.

To-morrow? To-morrow would be a festival of the Church, when thanks would be given to celebrate the victory of my enemies. Had I won, the Church would have celebrated my victory. How they will avoid that dry blood in the market-place as they parade! Some such thoughts ran through my mind. Yet I knew that when the priests and the acolytes and the choir and the maidens carried the Bambino in procession, and chanted their pretence of peace and good-will, the widows and the children of those who had fought across the square with me would check their tears and hush their sobs. Would Pepita be there? Would she think that I was dead? Would she care?

I could imagine Pepita, with that little head of hers so perfectly poised, belonging on her own shoulders and nobody else's, her mantilla worn as no other woman could wear a crown, and the jasmine in her hair, that she always placed there for me, just the same; no movement or look or pallor to show that she was hurt. Yes, she would care, but she would rather die than show it. That is why I have always loved Pepita: she is not proud—she is pride.

Of one thing I was assured—no holy festival would prevent Moñez's sending his hounds in search of me. I must not fail to be off by early morning—sunrise at the latest. My arm began to pain me a little when I had time to think about it, and I rearranged the bandages. Just a bullet wound, with no bones broken; it was soon more comfortable; the bleeding had been slight, and fortunately it had been my left arm.

It seemed very late, but I had really been in the cave only an hour or two, when I heard the voice of a cat, an ocelot, perhaps, or even a jaguar, crying outside of my barricade. There is one peculiar thing about the members of the tiger tribe: no matter how big and fierce the animal may be, she will make the saddest crying and moaning, like a child in pain, till I have known men leave a camp-fire and go out into the forest, persuaded that it was a child crying. I had no idea of going outside, but I went as far as my outpost and listened. The creature must have jumped or fallen into the little pit in front of the hastily made wall. It was so near that I could hear every sound, and wondered that the throat of a beast could so simulate the wails of a wounded human being. As I tried to catch a glimpse of my visitor through the chinks between the rocks, I distinctly heard, "Jesu, Maria, save me!"

Of course I did the unwise and unaccountable thing—acted on impulse, as I always do, and tore down enough of my wall to get out, nor ever stopped to think what a dilemma I was putting myself into till I was lifting a pale, black-eyed boy of about ten years to my skin-pile near the fire. He had fainted when I first came out, probably with fright, and when he came to himself was too dazed and weak at first to think much. But I thought; I considered what a fool I was. Here was a sprained ankle or a broken leg, or Heaven knows what other injury, to take care of for a night, when I needed sleep for my journey on the morrow. Then what was I to do with him? Leave him? He would starve, of course. Put him outside again? The wild beasts would make shorter work of it, but not short enough. The unpleasant alternative, the least cruel thing, would be to kill him myself and make sure. I do not like to shirk a duty, but the duty of killing a child in cold blood pained me.

I could no more run the risk of Moñez's men finding that boy than I could risk their not finding me. Once a wild chimerical thought crossed my mind, only to be dismissed with a smile at the childishness of it. That was, to stay there with the lad and risk capture. My life has cost so much that it must be very valuable. It is so to me, at least, and my pity for the boy did not reach to any such lengths of sacrifice as that would imply. Having made my resolve to kill him in the morning, I felt easier, for it was an unpleasant question disposed of. After that I dressed his wound, a sprain, as well as I was able, and then slept beside him, and the last thing I recollect seeing in the firelight was those great eyes staring steadfastly at me.

I awoke with a sense of something unpleasant to be done. Ah, yes—to put that poor little brat out of his troubles, so that I could go on with mine with a clear conscience.

I turned over and looked at him. He was staring at me with those big eyes as though he had never been asleep all night. He spoke to me.

"You are awake," he said.

Now there was nothing special in the words, but the voice was so like Pepita's that I felt a thrill down to my finger-tips. But I said, in as quiet a voice as I could command: "Yes, I am awake How is your foot?"

"Better; but I cannot move it. Did the Madonna send you to help me? I fell down, and then after a while I said a prayer, and then I found myself here."

Believe me, I found it hard to frame a reply I did not forget what I had to do, but I wanted time to think. I rose hastily, repaired the fire, and began to get breakfast.

While I was thus engaged I came near him, and he said, anxiously, "You will not leave me, will you?"

I crossed the cave, pretending not to hear him, but with a feeling that I could not quite account for.

"It is a festival to-day," he said, "and I know you want to go to see the Bambino in the procession. But you will not leave me, will you?"

Still her voice. My God! what else could I do? I went and kneeled down by the boy, and before I knew it the words were out and I had given my promise.

"No, I will not leave you." Then things swam around me for a while, and that line of riflemen seemed very near, for I knew that I had signed my own death-warrant.

They came after me—or after the boy—I never knew which—Moñez's men. I knew they were seeking me, but they seemed more delighted in finding him. It seems he was the son of some rich man, and I had wasted my sympathy, for he would have been cared for anyhow. I could make no stand when they found me, for I was sitting on the skins with the boy in my arms, and before I could put him down and turn they were upon me; besides, the odds, eight to one!

I never saw men so astonished. One would have supposed that they had seen a ghost, or at least that they had no thought of finding me. And yet, in spite of all my effort to escape, I was almost gay at heart when they led me back—not the way I had come, but by a more roundabout route, by the road—to the town. For just as we were starting, the boy put his arms up to me and said, "You are good, I love you, and I hope you will have a happy journey." The boy said that, but the voice was Pepita's, and it sounded in my ears and sang in my heart all the way.

In the morning we entered the town. Pepita was there with the others and saw me come in, and her eyes blazed as she met my gaze without flinching, as I met hers. Oh, I was proud of her! She would not show those people that she was hurt, though they should wring her heart, any more than I would. And yet I knew that she cared. When I was brought before Moñez I accepted a cigarette from the officer who had charge of me.

Moñez said: "Citizens, this is a desperado who has tried to overturn the state; a general who has led a rebellion. A price is on his head, and he has been condemned to death. Having the power to condemn or to pardon, it has seemed to me good that this man, who has wrought so much mischief, should be shot by a file of soldiers."

There he stopped, and while the women stood outside and the soldiery nearer, there was a movement to take me away, and for a second I caught sight of Pepita's face again. She smiled at me, and I answered her smile.

Moñez continued, in that even, unimpassioned tone which he knew so well how to use:

"Listen. Although you agree with the justice of the sentence I have pronounced, yet you will also support me in deferring the execution of it until the close of the ceremonies and festivities of this holy season, which have already been too much marred by bloodshed. We therefore remand our prisoner to the charge of our faithful Juan Rodriguez."

For the first time I shivered. Rodriguez, in spite of his noble name, was as miserable a dog as ever licked the platter of a ruler, and I knew that in the world I had no more bitter enemy. I had signed my own manual upon his face once with a sword, and as I looked upon him now, the scar that traversed his visage like the bar sinister that should have been there grew livid. Juan Rodriguez, my enemy, who would not hesitate at any infamy, was to be my jailer. In other words, I was to have no public execution. The President, under pretence of letting me languish in prison, and afterwards giving out that I had escaped, would avoid the danger of a popular outbreak attending a public execution, and I would be at the mercy of a henchman in whom hate and ferocity took the place of conscience.

So be it. Shackled as I was, I was led away, amid the growing murmurs of a large portion of the people, and I understood better than ever why Moñez had not risked an execution.

Other things I may describe to you, but not the filth, heat, suffocation, and pestilential atmosphere of one of our jails; first, because it would shock your sensitive ears, and second, because you would not believe such horrors possible. I passed an eternity of thirty-six hours there, at first dreading and afterwards hoping for the assassination that I knew would end the game.

At the end of the second day, when I had reviewed the events of my past life, and failed for the thousandth time to feel contrition that I had put many poor souls out of the way of such torment as this—as I waited, I say, for the final appearance of Rodriguez, with his scarred face and his knife, a priest came to me. Short of stature he was, cowled and sombre, a forerunner of death.

He had come from Moñez, and I was prepared for the confessional, only waiting till Rodriguez, who stood scowling by, should respect the bearer of the President's ring and retire.

But the priest stopped me with a gesture of his hand.

"Wait," he said; "the President desires first your confession. You are scholar enough to write, or shall I write for you? This secular confession shall in no wise conflict with the more private account you shall give to Mother Church."

"But Rodriguez—?"

"Will respect this seal: besides, he cannot read."

The tone was carefully disguised; but there was a familiar note in it. In spite of my shackles, I sprang to my feet.

"Pepita!" I whispered.

"No," laughed the voice behind the cowl; "only Pepita's cousin. Read—read!" He unfastened my shackles, and thrust the paper into my hands, and I read:

"To-night, an hour after midnight, the door will be open. Fear nothing, but come out. Turn to the left in perfect silence and caution, till you reach the palm-trees by the well."

He was gone. I tore the paper into small pieces before Rodriguez's return. "I shall write no confession," I muttered to myself, but I could see that he had heard me.

At the appointed hour I rose, and cautiously pushing the door of my prison, breathed the heavy night air. To the left Three hundred paces and I had reached the palm-trees by the well. There stood the little priest. I knew him now for the son of the President, the boy whom I had saved. The slight limp with which he had entered my cell and the voice—"only Pepita's cousin"—told me all.

He took my hand and led me to where two horses were tethered.

"Two?" I said, in surprise.

"Yes. I go with you."

"But your father, the President?"

The little monk pushed back the cowl, and two glorious eyes looked into mine.

"I am not Pepita's cousin," she said.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It is the opinion of the natural man in his unenlightened state that foreign missions are of no use, that the money spent to maintain them is thrown away, and that the missionaries are wasting their time, and might better stay at home and work. The natural man is apt to judge the usefulness of all enterprises by their capacity to pay an annual cash dividend. Enterprises that pay large cash dividends he thinks well of, and enterprises that don't he sniffs at. Foreign missions seldom pay cash dividends, and very seldom earn the natural man's approval. Tell him that the Chinese are murdering missionaries, and he replies that there is no reason why the missionaries should not stay at home, where they would be safe. Being unconverted himself, and having neither faith nor grace nor expert knowledge, the natural man cannot see the necessity of converting the heathen. It is an axiom with him that missions are a curious extravagance of deluded enthusiasts and a fiscal imposition.

It is to be hoped that the natural man may happen to read what Minister Denby said in a letter written last March to the Secretary of State about the missionaries in China. Mr. Denby has lived long in China, and knows whereof he speaks, and he says it is indisputable that the Chinese are enormously benefited by the labor of the missionaries. He speaks with enthusiasm of the hospitals, schools, colleges, and orphan asylums which the missionaries have started. Of his own knowledge he says that the missionaries are self-sacrificing and devoted, that their influence is beneficial, that they are leaders in charitable work, that they make converts, and that such converts are mentally benefited by conversion. He says that Protestant and Catholic missionaries from nearly every country in Christendom are at work in China, and, in his opinion, they do nothing but good. Under treaties they have a right to be in China, and no amount of antagonism can keep them out. Mr. Denby says there are supposed to be 40,000 Protestant converts in China and 50,000 Catholic converts, and he speaks of there being about 3000 missionaries, who, he thinks, should not only be tolerated, but should receive protection from officials and encouragement from other people.

The cause of missions has hardly received so good a notice as this from an influential layman since R. L. Stevenson intimated that the missionaries in the South Sea Islands were about the only good white people that the South Sea Islanders ever saw.

Very strenuous differences of opinion prevail about the separation of Professor Edward W. Bemis, late Professor of Political Economy, from the University of Chicago. There seems to be no doubt that Professor Bemis was discharged—that is, that his resignation was asked for. President Harper, who probably knows why it was asked for, has not as yet disclosed the reason. In the absence of an authoritative explanation it is surmised that the professor had to go because his views on political economy were not in accordance with those held by the powers of the university. He was a pupil, at Johns Hopkins, of Professor Ely, who afterwards went to the University of Wisconsin, and expounded doctrines there which led to an attempt to have him turned out. But in Professor Ely's case the attempt failed. As an active member of the Civic Federation in Chicago, Professor Bemis took strong ground against the issue of certain franchises to street-railroad and gas companies, and the hypothesis of his friends is that his attitude toward the enterprises of certain gas and street-railroad magnates who have given money to the university made his continuance in the faculty inexpedient. Opinions differ, however, about the propriety of turning him out. The New York *Sun* congratulates Dr. Harper on getting rid of him, and speaks of him as "a vulgar and ignorant crank," whose parting address to his students was a mixture of Debsism and anarchy. The *Evening Post* intimates that the discussion of his case in the newspapers is an instance of much ado about a matter of very small importance. The Boston *Transcript*, on the contrary, proclaims that the reason there was no room in the Chicago University for Professor Bemis was that he could not be muzzled. It insists that the sympathy of the public is with the professor, and that he is in a position to do the university "untold harm."

Professor Bemis declared, in one of his reports, that the citizens of Chicago who paid $1 10 a thousand feet for gas paid just about double what it was worth. It is vain to hope that the owners of gas stocks anywhere can be brought to regard him as a safe man to trust with the education of youth. It is all very well for a college professor to say let there be light, but when he undertakes to fix the price of it, it becomes a different matter; and perhaps he ought not to be surprised if his conclusions are somewhat earnestly disputed.

In so far as the Liberty bell is concerned, the Philadelphians, or some of them at least, believe in the enforcement of the adage, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." The bell went to Chicago and got safely home. The more conservative Philadelphians are thankful, and are opposed to taking any more risks with their best relic. They do not want it to be sent to Atlanta, and eight of them have filed a bill in equity praying for an injunction against the removal of the bell from Independence Hall, where it belongs.

It seems to the present paragrapher that the objections to the itinerancy of the old bell are well taken. It isn't a cow-bell, that it should go straggling about the country Moreover, it is very much less interesting when wrenched from its proper moorings than it is when seen in the place where it belongs. It seems not too much to ask that people who want to see the Liberty bell should go to Philadelphia.

There are many strong ties that bind England to the United States. One of the strongest of them is Mr. George W. Smalley. It does not seem possible that any serious misunderstanding can obtain between the British and us so long as Mr. Smalley continues to live in New York and to be connected by cable with the London *Times*. It

may be doubted whether since the days of Benjamin Franklin there has been any American so peculiarly qualified as Mr. Smalley to act as an expounder of Americanism to the British. There may have been men who understood the Americans better than he, and there may have been men who knew the British better, but it is doubtful if there has been any one in whom so intimate an acquaintance with the British has coexisted with so much familiarity with us. Mr. Smalley's New York despatches in the *Times* have something about them which suggests the tone of voice that you or I drop into when we find ourselves in talk with some intimate whom we like to talk to, and who cares what we say and believes us. They are very good despatches, and it is probably true, as the London correspondent of the *Sun* says, that they "have given the average Englishman the first idea he ever had that the United States was a country of anything besides violent crimes, conflagrations, bankrupt railroads, and currency crazes."

Sympathy is due to the Department of State in its distressing predicament over the Waller family. Waller, a negro, ex-consul at Tamatave, Madagascar, is under sentence of a French court martial at Tamatave, and being deprived of his liberty cannot look after his family, which has got as far towards home as Mauritius, and is stranded there without funds. The heart of the State Department bleeds for Mrs. Waller and her children, and it would like to help them get home, but it has no money available for that purpose. It would like to receive contributions in aid of the Wallers, but feels that it cannot do so with propriety, so it wrings its hands and feels bad. It can, however, and does, receive the sympathy of its friends, and it hopes that if it should turn out that Waller has been unjustly convicted, it may induce the French in Madagascar to set him right. Meanwhile contributions in aid of Mrs. Waller and her children may be sent to Mr. Crammond Kennedy, attorney, Washington.

The story of the life of the successful New-Yorker is always interesting. Occasionally, as in the case of the late William H. Schieffelin, it is the record of a man's development in the environment to which he was born. More commonly it is the tale of the progress of an energetic man from the country, who felt himself capable of improving the opportunities of the metropolis, and went there to find them. That was the case with Mr. Ebenezer Kellogg Wright, president of the Park Bank, who died a fortnight or more ago. Mr. Wright was born in 1837 in the rural districts of Oneida County, and came to New York, in 1859, from Utica, with no more definite introduction than a general letter of recommendation from the Utica Bank, saying that he was an honest young man. After applying for work at most of the banks in New York he finally got a job as messenger at the Park Bank, and in that bank he continued to labor until, after thirty years of faithful service, he became its president.

New York did well by Mr. Wright. The defect in his career was the same as in that of Mr. Schieffelin—he didn't live long enough. Being able and ambitious and diligent he formed habits which finally broke him down. They were habits of work; very good habits when regulated by a prudent moderation, but fatal when indulged to excess. The astute journalist who signs "Matthew Marshall" to the discourse which he contributes every Monday to the New York *Sun* permitted himself to scoff the other day at the propensity of the more well-to-do working-men in New York to seize upon every opportunity to stop work. He intimated that New York business men did not work hard enough to hurt them, and suggested that they took vacations just as they took rum and tobacco, "not because they are necessary to their health, but because they liked to have them." "To a dispassionate observer," Mr. Marshall said, "it does not seem that there is any reason, except their own caprice, why men whose daily efforts consist in sitting in their armchairs or directing the work of others from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., with an interval for luncheon, should become so exhausted mentally and physically that they must go abroad or to some watering-place for months every year in order to recuperate their enfeebled energies."

Mr. Wright seems to have held very much such views about rest as Mr. Marshall has expressed. The *Evening Post* says of him, "For more than twenty years until this summer he never took a vacation, and was rarely absent from the bank more than a day at a time." His devotion to work seems to have been very profitable to the Park Bank, but it was not so good for himself, for the *Post* says that it is generally thought to have cost him his life, and certainly his death at fifty-eight must be felt to be premature.

It would be a great gain in New York, as elsewhere, if the men who have money enough and need rest could be taught to take it, and if the men who have too much leisure and not enough money could learn to work harder. It is important to work, for idleness, if over-indulged, becomes an imperious taskmaster, whose poor slave has no fun. But it is important, too, to play a little betimes, and learn how, since the man of habitual and ceaseless diligence is apt to find himself at last between the devil and the deep sea, unable to take pleasure in anything except his task, and unable to go on with that except at the cost of his life.

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott spent last winter in Rome. She says that there were so many Americans in Rome (not less than 3000) that it was called the American winter. She adds that a Roman winter is a charming experience, but she warns American girls to think long and solemnly before arranging for a lifetime of them as the wife of an Italian. An Italian woman, Mrs. Elliott says, outside of her home and social life, does not count. To an Italian girl it seems perfectly natural to lose her identity by marriage, but an American girl, Mrs. Elliott thinks, wouldn't like it. Of her cousin Marion Crawford's pictures of Roman life in the Saracinesca stories, Mrs. Elliott speaks approvingly, but says that "being a man he would hardly notice the subtle distinctions between the position of women there and here." Perhaps so, but it seems impossible that any American could read Crawford's Saracinesca stories without being impressed with the striking family discipline that the Roman fathers and husbands maintain, and contrasting it with the domestic conditions that prevail at home.

One could wish that competent persons with large opportunities for observation and comparison would write some truthful and serious books about the international marriage. There is only one form of it which is common enough to be of importance, that in which the well-endowed American girl marries the foreigner. This sort of international marriage has been going on by wholesale now for a quarter of a century; long enough for it to be studied in various stages of development, and for its results to be fairly estimated. There are thousands of Americans who would like to know whether it pays. American girls keep on marrying Britishers, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians by dozens and scores, and abandon their dear native land, and go to live in other countries. There is much curiosity in this country about these marriages. Are a fair proportion of them satisfactory to the wives? Do our girls marry these foreigners because they don't know any better, or are they endowed with a more perspicacious quality of discernment than their sisters who marry at home? It is the business of the contemporary story-tellers to let their light shine upon this problem.

E. S. MARTIN.

NO PUBLIC LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON.

THE city of Washington is the one large city in the United States which has no public library. There are libraries in plenty, and there are more books in these libraries (counting the library of Congress) than in the libraries of any other city in America. But there is no library for general use except the Congressional Library, and the use of that is so restricted that it does not serve the purpose of a public library in any great degree. The need of public-library facilities has led to a movement, inaugurated by Mr. Theodore Noyes, of the Washington *Evening Star*, for the establishment of a public library by Congressional enactment. Unfortunately Washington is dependent wholly on Congress for its laws, and Congress specifies the uses to which its funds shall be put. There is no way to establish a public library in the city without a special law of Congress unless some public-spirited citizen will endow one. And Congress is notoriously slow in action. Therefore the Fifty-third Congress has gone out of existence without taking action on the library bill.

The library of Congress is the largest library in the United States. In fact, it is one of the largest libraries in the world. It is growing constantly under the provisions of the copyright law; for Librarian Spofford has to mourn the fact that Congress declines to make large appropriations for the purchase of books, and the copyright contributions and the books obtained by exchange with other countries (chiefly public reports) are the chief accessions which the library receives. The annual appropriation for the purchase of books and for subscriptions to magazines, of which the library receives a large number, is $10,000. Of the books purchased, the most valuable, in the eyes of Librarian Spofford, are in the set of the London *Gazette* from 1665, which was obtained at an auction in London. The librarian has agents all over the world, who keep him advised of books which are offered for sale. The most valuable contribution to the contents of the library was that of Dr. J. M. Toner, of Washington, who presented to Congress in 1882 more than 27,000 books and pamphlets. These are stored in a room in the crypt, but they will find an appropriate resting-place when the new library building is completed a few years hence. There is also a fine collection of Chinese works which was presented to the library, and to this have been added some Chinese writings purchased at the time of the sale of the late Caleb Cushing's library. The students of Chinese literature in this country are few, and there are not many demands for the Chinese volumes.

It is possible at all times to consult the books and pamphlets in the library, and many students resort to the Capitol for that purpose. In fact, there are many visitors who come hundreds of miles to avail themselves of the unequalled facilities of the library. Chiefs of departments of the government who are engaged in investigating special subjects resort to the library, and it is used a great deal by members of the House and Senate who are in search of material for debate. For the last-named purpose the collection of newspapers stored in the crypt is particularly valuable. It is possible also for any person to draw books from the library by making a deposit; and members of the two Houses of Congress can draw books for the members of their families without even this protective formality. But the number of copies of each work is usually restricted to two, and of these only one can be permitted to go into circulation, because the other must be preserved for reference in possible disputes about copyright infringement. Therefore a book like *Trilby* would not be available for one-hundredth of the number of persons who would like to consult it. There are department libraries scattered through the government buildings, some of which have books of fiction and travel on their shelves; but the circulation of these books, of course, is limited to the employés of the departments in which the libraries are located. There are also libraries connected with educational institutes, which come under the head of "public libraries," but they are not public in the broader sense. So with nearly two million books on library shelves, Washington is without one library which can be classed with the Mercantile Library of New York, the Public Library of the city of Boston, or any other of the great institutions for the circulation of printed literature with which the other chief cities of the United States are blessed.

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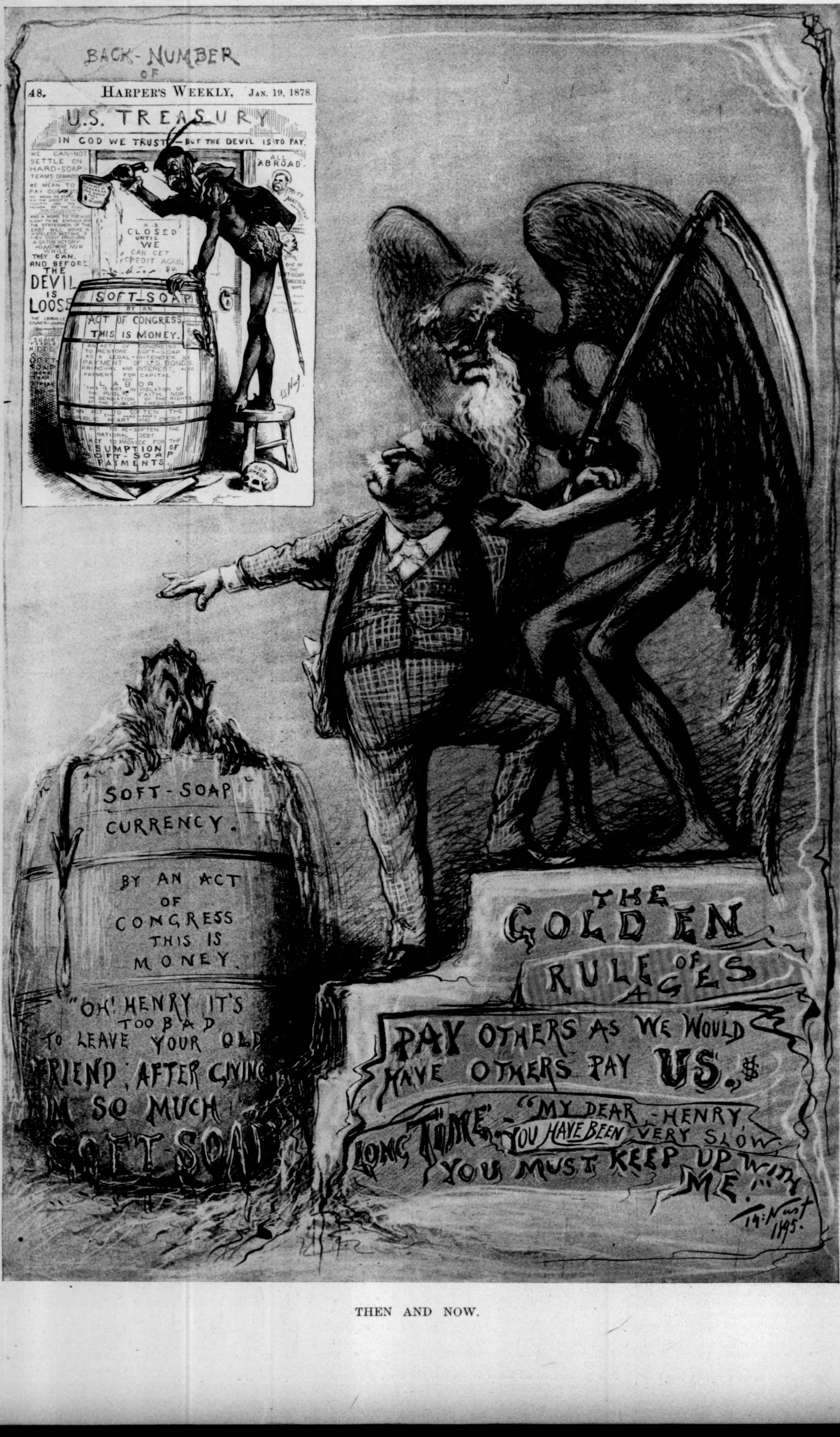
BACK-NUMBER OF
48. HARPER'S WEEKLY, JAN. 19, 1878.
U.S. TREASURY
IN GOD WE TRUST—BUT THE DEVIL IS TO PAY.
ALL ABROAD
CLOSED UNTIL WE CAN GET CREDIT AGAIN
THE DEVIL IS LOOSE
SOFT-SOAP
BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS THIS IS MONEY.
RESUMPTION OF SOFT-SOAP PAYMENTS
SOFT-SOAP CURRENCY.
BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS THIS IS MONEY.
"OH! HENRY IT'S TOO BAD TO LEAVE YOUR OLD FRIEND; AFTER GIVING HIM SO MUCH SOFT-SOAP"
THE GOLDEN RULE OF AGES
PAY OTHERS AS WE WOULD HAVE OTHERS PAY US.,$
LONG TIME. "MY DEAR HENRY, YOU HAVE BEEN VERY SLOW. YOU MUST KEEP UP WITH ME."
Th. Nast 1895.

THEN AND NOW.

AMATEUR SPORT.—*(Continued from double page.)*

she started under lower plain sail only, she would easily have come in first, and shortened *Britannia's* time pretty considerably.

The *Valkyrie's* first race was sailed under such fluky conditions of wind and weather that no true comparison could be made between her and her two antagonists, but when she was fortunate in meeting with a slant of wind her speed was unmistakable, and yachts capable of steaming their 12 to 14 knots were at times barely able to keep up with her. The last race she sailed was over the Royal Clyde Regatta 50-mile course on July 6th, when the distance was done in 6 hrs. 1 min., with a steady breeze of about force 3, and when, but for the long beat to windward, the average time per mile would have been very materially shortened, since the reaching and running was done at a clinking pace. The *Valkyrie*, it may be added, looked as if she had been trimmed somewhat by the stern, and it is believed that some four tons of the leaden steadier had been taken in, but whatever the alteration was that had been made since her last race, it made her far stiffer and travel sweeter through the water. She beat the *Britannia* on the occasion by 18 mins. 29 secs., and the *Ailsa* by 19 mins. 49 secs., exclusive of time allowance. Had the wind been lighter there is no doubt *Valkyrie III.* would have come home with a very much longer lead.

Taking the *Vigilant* for comparison, *Valkyrie III.* has a long modified *Valkyrie II.* entrance, somewhat spoon-shaped, but not so exaggerated as the *Vigilant's*. The *Ailsa's* is run out into one of those pretty light bows so well known in connection with the Fairlie yard, and this takes away from the spoon appearance and makes it more dhow-shaped. Both the *Ailsa* and *Valkyrie III.* have a much smaller displacement in proportion than *Valkyrie II.* and *Britannia*, and are tucked up sharper under the bilge, the *Ailsa* especially so. The *Valkyrie* takes more after *Vigilant* in the angle of her stern-post, while the *Ailsa* has a great rake, a defect (?) common to the greater number of our modern vessels. The *Britannia* has been sailing better this year than she ever did before, owing, most likely, to the removal of weight in her cabin fixtures below. It is a subject for congratulation with us that Mr. Watson has at last turned out a yacht to race in American waters regardless of any racing she may have to do here, and that she has been sparred and canvassed accordingly. There is every reason, therefore, notwithstanding the *Defender's* excellence, to believe that the autumn will witness some grand sport and some really hard-sailed matches. As neither *Valkyrie III.'s* nor *Ailsa's* measurements are exactly known at present, owing to the various alterations that have lately taken place, the following are given subject to correction:

	Valkyrie III.	Valkyrie II.	Vigilant.	Britannia.	Ailsa.
	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.
Length over all....	130	121	126	121.09	126
Beam	25	21.6	26	23.30	26
Load water-line ...	89.11	86.58	87.25 to 86.12	89.24	89
Draught	17.5	17.3	13.8	16.75	16

G. L. BLAKE.

THE NATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT for the Championship of America, to be held this week at the Newport Casino, should show some little improvement in our general standard of play. It would be strange indeed if the visit of Goodbody last year, and the shorter stay of Pim and Mahoney this summer, have not given our players some new ideas by which they have profited. In fact it is noticeable already that some of our crack men have begun to model their games on the British methods, sacrificing speed to accuracy and brilliancy to steadiness, and our visitors have clearly demonstrated that it is along these lines that the highest development is attainable. The only cloud on the horizon to mar our anticipations of a week of good tennis is the threatened absence from the list of entries of Hobart and Howland, two of our best players; and when it is called to mind that, including these two men, there are at present only six players before the public who can be said to have at any time shown championship form, this defection becomes the more serious. It is a striking commentary on the slowness of our development that the loss of two players can make such a hole in our expert strength, and it certainly indicates the necessity of sustained effort on the part of our National Lawn-tennis Association to foster the young blood among our players, and remove the existing conditions which tend to impede their progress.

HOBART HAS PLAYED AT NEWPORT for the last five years, winning the All-Comers in 1891, and coming very near the top on several occasions. It was he who saved us from complete annihilation in the international tournament at West Newton by defeating the English champion Pim in two straight sets, and, with Hovey, completely outplaying the Irish pair in the doubles. Howland has not been considered as in the very front rank until this year, but his winning the New England championship, and the Orange, Crescent Athletic Club, Seabright, and Southampton tournaments, defeating most of the best men at one time or another, has certainly entitled him to serious consideration in any speculation on Newport results. However, Hobart and Howland have both announced that they will not be competitors this year, and no doubt each has reasons satisfactory to himself for staying out.

THE MEN WHO SEEM TO STAND THE BEST chances of winning the All-Comers are Larned, Hovey, and Chace, and I rank them in the above order. Larned has the best record of the three on the season's play, with Chace second. Chace has played more than Hovey this year, and showed his best form early in the season, but has apparently gone back somewhat since, while Hovey can be counted on to play a far better game on the turf courts of the Casino than he did on the dirt court at West Newton, where Chace defeated him. I believe that if these two men meet at Newport, Hovey will be the winner, though Chace will undoubtedly make it a closer match than he has hitherto been able to on turf. Chace has not the moral support of former successes at Newport, never having won a match there against a first-class player, while Hovey has won the All-Comers once and been runner-up twice. Neither Chace nor Hovey has improved his game to any extent in the last two seasons. When Chace blossomed out as the Boy Wonder three years ago his ground strokes were good and his passing excellent, and he lobbed only when the occasion required. Since then his lobbing has become more and more a feature of his game, until he has grown to depend too much on this stroke, and meanwhile his ground strokes have lost much of their former effectiveness. Hovey is a natural volleyer, and in the early part of his career he was always at the net, but of late, for some reason, he has seemed content to stay in the back of the court a great deal of the time, and although he has improved his ground strokes to a certain extent, his change of method seems to be anything but an improvement.

LARNED HAS SHOWN STEADY PROGRESS since the season opened, beginning poorly at New Haven and West Newton, and gradually working his game up to its top limit. In his match with Stevens, at Norwood Park, in which he won eighteen straight games after Stevens had scored one, he exhibited almost invincible tennis, and was very nearly as good in his final match with Wrenn. Unless he has one of his "off" days, which seem to come to him less frequently than of yore, Larned should win the tournament and press Wrenn for championship honors.

EDWARD M. BROWN,
Commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

Following these men, in a class by themselves, are Stevens and Carr Neel. Stevens sticks to his back-court game, and it seems almost impossible that he can ever win at Newport, though he is always liable to upset calculations by outlasting one of the best men. Stevens has beaten Chace once this season at Norwood Park, and there showed his strongest game of the year, if not the best he has ever played. Carr Neel is a most uncertain factor. Last year he played Larned a close five-set match at Newport, but the latter was clearly not at his best. He is said to have improved wonderfully this year, and his record in the West has been very clean, as he has won the Western championship with the loss of only one set, and has won two round robin tournaments, without dropping a match, against the best players of the West. It would be a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky if he were to win the All-Comers, but it is not such a very remote possibility as many imagine, and Western men are expressing great confidence in his ability to give a good account of himself against any opponent.

IN CONSIDERING WRENN'S CHANCES of retaining his championship, it must be remembered that he has been playing but a short time this year, his work on the Harvard nine interfering with his early summer practice. His showing in his first tournament, Longwood, where he beat Budlong and played Hovey fairly closely, was as good as could have been expected. At Southampton he fell back, playing rather a close match with Talmage, and losing to Foote, 6-0, in the odd set. At Norwood Park he competed again, losing to Larned only in the play-off for first place, and beating him in their first match. He also defeated Stevens, Foote, and Parker, but fell before Chace. With the further seasoning of the Narragansett Pier doubles, and the week's practice at Newport during the tournament, he ought to be on edge for the championship match, and I consider his preparatory work superior to an exhausting season of steady tournament play. Wrenn has a remarkable faculty of rising to the occasion to play his best game, and perhaps a little better than he knows how, just when he most needs to, while Hovey and Chace are without this quality, and Larned has it only in a lesser degree. The advantage Wrenn holds, as champion, of meeting a more or less exhausted opponent must not be forgotten, although two of the three principal candidates, *i. e.*, Chace and Larned, are well able to stand the strain of the six rounds. Taking everything into account, I believe that if Larned proves to be the challenger the match will be exceedingly close, with the result in doubt until the last stroke is played, while if it should be Hovey or Chace or any one else, the chances would be greatly in favor of Wrenn.

THE TOURNAMENT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP of the East in doubles was played last week at Narragansett Pier. Eleven pairs entered, including most of the prominent players in the East, Larned and Stevens being the principal absentees. More interest is taken in this event than formerly, and it seems proper that it should be so. Doubles are more interesting to the average spectator than singles, and when well played are fully as spirited and exciting to the expert. The double game has never held the relationship to the single game in this country that it deserves, and that it does hold in England, where it almost divides attention with the latter; but it seems as if it were now beginning to receive just recognition here. The drawings found Foote and Howland and Wrenn and Chace on opposite sides, and opinion was immediately formed that these teams would meet in the final round, as they did last year, when Foote and Howland won a most sensational match after Wrenn and Chace had come within two points of winning three straight sets. Each pair had a comfortably easy match this year in the first round, but in the semi-finals Howland and Foote had to extend themselves to defeat Budlong and Talmage. Budlong, who had not shown up particularly well previously, took a great brace, and played his swift ground strokes with accuracy and judgment. Talmage, who has always been good in doubles, was at his best, and as Foote and Howland were not in their usual form, a close match resulted—9-7, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4. Good lobbing decided the match in the fourth set. Chace and Wrenn had a much easier time in their match, disposing of Fischer and Paret in straight sets, the latter being completely outclassed.

THE FINAL MATCH was an interesting but not a very well-played contest, and Wrenn and Chace deserved their victory over Howland and Foote, because they beat the latter at their own game. To the surprise of all, Howland and Foote came to the net and volleyed frequently, and—what was still more surprising—Wrenn and Chace could not pass them, and had to resort to lobbing. In volleying, Foote was as sure as old Father Time himself, and when Howland did get a chance at the ball, which was not often, for his opponents lobbed persistently on Foote's side of the court, he killed better than any of the other three men. Wrenn was not in his best form, and his ground strokes were rather weak. Early in the match he lobbed poorly, but later on improved in both lobbing and smashing. Chace lobbed very cleverly throughout the five sets, and his clever "saves" were the feature of the match. The team-work of the winning pair was poor—decidedly worse than that of the pair they defeated. Howland was systematically kept out of the game as far as possible, but was a tower of strength when he did get at the ball. Foote began poorly, but his excellent condition told in the end, and he played as well as any of the others in the last two sets. His lobbing then was little short of wonderful, and his smashing much better than usual.

WRENN AND CHACE TRIED an entirely new trick, which was evidently evolved from the fertile football brain of the champion. Just before the server delivered the ball, his partner crossed the net in front of him and the server ran up diagonally across the court. The intention was evidently to disconcert the striker-out and ruin his first return, while the net man shut out the customary cross-court stroke usually made on the return of the service. Lobbing blocked the new play perfectly, however, and it was soon given up as a failure. Another defect was that the unusual method of covering the court upset the server almost as much as the striker-out.

THE MATCH BETWEEN WRENN AND CHACE and the Neel brothers was not up to the standard of play shown in the contests of the day before. Both men of the Eastern pair seemed tired, and their work lacked snap. Their game was entirely different from the style they put up against Howland and Foote. It was aggressive play all through, with little lobbing. The Neels ran in on their service every time and volleyed at every chance, but they did not seem to be able to get close enough to kill the balls well, and most of their volleying was of the defensive kind. The feature of the Westerners' play was the "saves" of the younger Neel, who was much surer than his brother and not nearly so aggressive. Carr Neel smashed fast and accurately on short lobs. The one set taken by the Neels was love, and its loss by the Eastern team was due to some pretty poor playing. Their winning score was 6-4, 6-3, 0-6, 6-2.

CHACE AND WRENN WILL NOW PLAY Hobart and Hovey at Newport for the doubles championship, held by the latter. The result should be an easy victory for Hobart and Hovey. Individually they appear to be the two strongest players of doubles in the country, and their team-work is almost above criticism, their styles being admirably suited to each other. In 1893 they won the Tuxedo and Saratoga doubles, and wrested the championship from Campbell and Huntington at Chicago. Last August they defended their title easily from the Neel brothers, the Western champions, and this year they defeated Pim and Mahoney 7-5, 6-4, 6-1, coming within a point of winning the last set to love. They have never lost a match together, and but two sets in their entire career.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

SUMMARY OF MATCHES BETWEEN THE LEADING LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS DURING 1895.

	Wrenn.	Howland.	Larned.	Chace.	Hovey.	Foote.	Stevens.	Hobart.
Wrenn			6-3, 6-3, 6-4.			2-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3.	6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 0-6, 6-4, 6-3.*	
Howland ..			7-5, 4-6, 8-6.	4-6, 6-3, 4-6, 9-7, 6-4. 7-5, 6-1.		0-6, 6-4, 6-0, 6-1. 0-6, 6-2, 6-2, 6-2.	5-7, 6-3, 6-2, 3-6, 7-5. 6-4, 6-1, 7-5. 7-5, 6-1, 4-6, 6-3.	
Larned	6-5, 6-1, 12-10.	15-13, 8-6, 6-4. 7-5, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2. 8-6, 6-3, 5-7, 10-8.		7-5, 8-6, 6-1.		6-1, 6-4, 6-2. 6-2, 0-6, 7-5, 7-5.	6-1, 6-0, 6-0.	6-3, 6-4.
Chace	7-5, 5-7, 6-3, 6-1.	6-3, 7-5, 4-6, 3-6, 7-5, 6-4, 6-3.†	6-0, 3-1, defaulted. 6-4, 9-7, 6-0. 6-4, 6-4.		6-2, 2-6, 6-2.	6-3, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2.		6-4, 4-2, defaulted. 3-6, 6-1, 6-4.
Hovey	4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4.							
Foote	6-4, 6-8, 6-0.							
Stevens ...				6-2, 8-6, 6-4.		3-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-3.		
Hobart								

* Last two sets to decide a tie. † Last three sets to decide a tie.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—BY W. J. HENDERSON.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

·A·RECENT·JOURNEY·THROUGH·THE·WEST·

BY JULIAN RALPH

II.

PROGRESS IN CITY RULE.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN CHICAGO.

THE progressive part of Chicago's population is properly proud of the adoption of a general civil service law which passed the Legislature this year, in time to be submitted to the people, by whom it was adopted, to take effect on July 1, 1895. Mayor Hopkins, who succeeded the late Carter Harrison, introduced into the city government a civil service board of his own making, and applied its rules to at least one of those departments of which Chicago's Mayors have entire control. Two members of that commission and many leading citizens formed a civil service association, and after much deliberation drew up the present bill. It is applicable to all cities in Illinois whose inhabitants may vote to adopt it. In such cities its requirements affect all departments of the city government, and all employés except such as are exempted by Section 11 of the bill, as follows:

"Officers excepted from classified service: officers who are elected by the people, or who are elevated by the City Council pursuant to the city charter, or whose appointment is subject to confirmation by the City Council; judges and clerks of election, members of the Board of Education, the superintendent and teachers of schools, heads of any principal department of the city, members of the law department, and one private secretary of the Mayor."

The Mayor appoints three persons to be the Civil Service Commissioners for a three-year, a two-year, and a one-year term respectively. Each year thereafter a new commissioner is appointed and the board is kept complete. Not more than two, who constitute a quorum, shall be of the same political faith, and no one of them may hold any lucrative office or employment under the Federal, State, or any city government. The Mayor can remove these commissioners for incompetence, neglect of duty, or malfeasance in office, simply reporting his act and his reasons for it to the Council. The commissioners shall classify the places under the government, and all applicants for place shall be subjected to a competitive examination, which shall be free to all citizens of the nation, with specified limitations as to residence, age, health, habits, and moral character. Examiners are to be appointed, and shall not "all" be members of the same political party. With regard to applicants for place, and also for promotion, the candidates are to rank on the register in the order of their relative excellence, and "sex" shall be disregarded "except when some statute, the rules of the commission, or the appointing power specifies sex."

The police, with the peculiar activity that is now characterizing many bodies of civil servants all over the country, fathered a bill of their own, and lobbied against this reform in the civil service, fearful that it would require them all to be examined for the places they have been holding. And though public opinion stood masterfully for this bill, they succeeded in exempting themselves from examination, in so far as all who were on the force on July 1st were concerned. It is likely that they, and to some extent all the other civil servants of the city, obtained the limit upon the power of removal which the bill contains. It is as follows: "No officer or employé" (classified) "shall be removed or discharged except for causes upon written charges investigated by or before said civil service commission, or by or before some officer or board appointed by said commission to conduct such investigation." The finding of such officer or board shall be at once enforced. Nothing in the act is to limit the power of any officer to suspend a subordinate for a period not exceeding thirty days. The commissioners in Chicago receive $3000 a year each, and so does the chief examiner whom they appoint.

Certain sections of the bill forbid any officer or employé to solicit or receive political contributions; they forbid such soliciting of officers or employés by citizens. Assessments and contributions (for any party or political purpose) are forbidden in public offices in another clause, and, in yet another, payments of such assessments to public officers are prohibited. The pay or standing or position of an officer or employé is not to be affected by the giving or withholding of money or service for party or political services. No man shall pay or promise to give money or any valuable thing for or on account of appointment to place or for promotion, and recommendation for appointment or promotion on account of political service is prohibited. Still another clause prohibits all abuse of political influence. Conviction of a breach of this law shall be punished by a fine of not less than $50 nor more than $1000, or by imprisonment for a term not to exceed six months, or by both fine and imprisonment, and any place-holder who breaks this law must lose his place and become incapable of holding any place during five years after his conviction.

This comprehensive and strict civil service bill had Chicago's famous Civic Federation at its back during its formative period and its course through the Legislature. Of this patriotic and tireless body I cannot say more than or better than what I saw quoted from a speech about it by Mr. John W. Ela, one of the ablest and most zealous of its leaders: "Chicago was more fortunate than many other cities, Mr. Ela explained, in having the Civic Federation ready at hand to take up the work of reform when the conscience of the people was awakened by the *exposé* of corruption in New York. After outlining its plan of organization, with ward councils and numerous committees, the speaker reviewed the reforms it had already brought about. He told of its charity organization, which saved one-half the money contributed for philanthropy; of its distribution of $100,000 among the needy during the distressful winter of 1893–4; of its fight on gambling last fall, until the city was freer from that evil than at any previous time for twenty years; of its raising $50,000 to investigate election frauds, resulting in a hundred indictments, one penitentiary sentence, many fines, and the exile of a number of bad men; of the respect which it had inspired, making the late spring election the purest of twenty-five years; of its work in the courts to nullify two boodle ordinances passed by the old City Council; of its quiet work to elect enough honest Aldermen to make it impossible for boodlers to pass a bad ordinance over the Mayor's veto; and of its latest victory in closing up an infamous race-track which had defied the city administration.

"Turning to its efforts to secure better laws, Mr. Ela asserted that the new civil service law was the best on the statute-books of any of the States, and if the Federation had done nothing else, it would deserve the grateful remembrance of Chicago for years."

WELL-GOVERNED BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, which prides itself upon so many enterprises and merits besides its wealth and marvellous growth, is especially proud of its new charter, which it has wrung from the politicians. We shall see, as we study the differing plans of city rule here and there in the smaller cities, that measures do not suffice for good government where the men of a city are hostile or indifferent to progressive legislation, and that measures avail not without good men to carry them out, but Buffalo is carrying out its new plan in the spirit as well as the letter, and it has done so long enough to have demonstrated that, with conscientious men in power, it has one of the best plans of government now in operation in this country. It has defects, and the politicians are battering at it to widen these crevices until they can get into them with their jimmies and plunder-bags, but, as it is to-day, the charter is one of the most progressive in the land.

Buffalo had been a typically mismanaged city, governed under a crazy-quilt charter that had been mended and patched year after year, and that was inefficient in such a degree, for instance, that it was without provision for a Board of Public Works. Politicians, pure and simple, dominated all the departments, and managed the city for themselves, without any regard for the public advantage. As long ago as when Mr. Cleveland was Governor an act was passed appointing a charter commission, and it made a report, but nothing came of it. Again, in 1886, the matter came up, but only with the effect of extending the interest in the movement. In 1887 the Merchants' Exchange, the Veteran League, Cleveland Democracy Club, and other organizations appointed committees upon the charter work, and in 1888 these were joined by a Citizens' Association made up of delegates from all the business and professional unions, and the labor unions as well. They divided their work among committees. As a result, a new charter bill was sent to Albany in the following year, but it failed to become a law, though it passed both Houses. In 1890 the same forces took up the work again, and by the time the bill reached the Legislature all the newspapers united in behalf of it for the first time. Then all the public forces except the political machines were at work for it, and Sheehan and his machine were compelled by the strength of public opinion to fall in line behind the others. It required patient and lively work to bring him and it into pleasant relations, however. The bill went to Hill; he signed it, and it went into effect on the first day of 1891.

In the nature of things the new charter had to be a compromise of differences of views, and even at the end, in order to get the measure through the Legislature, it was necessary to leave in certain unwelcome features demanded by political custom. For instance, though many of the wisest men concerned believed in having a single-headed police commission, the project had to be abandoned in favor of something like the bipartisan idea, invented by the Republicans to give them spoils in Democratic strongholds. A three-headed commission was arranged for, but it is of such a nature that it may yet become famous as Buffalo's happy compromise with the politicians, since it gratifies their demand for place and salaries, while yet it disappoints them in their greed for power. It is not a bipartisan board, though it is composed of a commissioner representing each of the two great parties, for the Mayor is the third commissioner, and holds the balance of power. He is thus made the responsible man of the trio.

The new charter created a civic legislature of two branches. The larger branch is a board of twenty-five Aldermen, one from each ward; the other is the Board of Councilmen, consisting of nine men, elected at large. The Aldermen meet on Mondays, and whatever business they transact goes to the Councilmen on Wednesdays. The Councilmen approve or disapprove or modify, and if they make amendments the work goes back to the Aldermen; thus finally it reaches the Mayor. It is considered in Buffalo to be a great improvement upon the single-body system, because it proves a wholesome check upon hasty action. It gives to the press and people opportunity for discussion and protest. Beyond Buffalo, I think I may say that the wisest students of this phase of government will all admit that this is a great gain for Buffalo, but will yet incline to the belief that a single Aldermanic body, small in size, elected wholly at large, and compelled to act at leisure by enforced delays between the routine steps in legislation, is the best Aldermanic plan yet devised—the goal for which Buffalo is unconsciously striving.

One great feature, one of the chief principles insisted upon in the new charter, is the removal of the appointing power from the Common Council, which now has few places at its disposal, and no confirming power over appointments. A vicious feature of bad government was eliminated when the power of confirmation was withheld from this body. The strong tendency of the new plan is to centralize the power of and responsibility for the government, as far as possible, in the hands of the Mayor. It is a reflection of the general trend of the best thought of the day, and when the plan becomes general, and our cities get the wisdom to pay really great salaries in order to employ really able Mayors under this plan, the evils now complained of in the government of cities will be reduced to a minimum. The present Mayor, Edgar B. Fawcett, a manufacturer and man of middle age, has instituted a cabinet consisting of the heads of all the city departments. They meet in executive session, and public reports of their meetings are given out by the Mayor's secretary if the matter is of interest. They meet on every Wednesday afternoon, and discuss their department concerns and such general public business as may be brought to their attention by the Mayor or any member of the cabinet. This cabinet has no legal standing, is not in the charter, and is simply experimental. It is an idea borrowed from the experiments made in Philadelphia and Cleveland, and perhaps other cities of which I have not heard.

The newly created Board of Public Works was constituted so as to always comprise three commissioners, two of one party and one of the other—two appointed by the Mayor and one elected by the people. When Democratic Mayor Bishop was elected a Democratic commissioner was also elected, and the Mayor appointed a Democrat and a Republican. After the term of the elected commissioner expired, a Republican was elected, which changed the political complexion of the board. The fact that this peculiar plan has worked well for the people (a result due to the fact that the commissioners thus far have not been active politicians) causes the politicians to assail this feature of the charter, and they are seeking to have the department managed by a single commissioner, to be elected by the people. The Board of Public Works creates its own bureaus, planning such as it needs, and fixing the salaries that shall be paid in each.

The Common Council has the power to modify these plans and estimates, but the appointing power remains with the board, without confirmation. To illustrate how this works we will examine the Street-cleaning Bureau. The Street Commissioner appointed by the board is its creature, and is held accountable by it for the manner in which he performs his duties. The contracts are let out by the Common Council, but the contractors are under the supervision of the commissioner, and are paid only for the work actually done. The plan is peculiar and complicated, and there is no space in which to explain it in this article, but the result has been to cause the citizens to watch the work (in many cases because they must pay for what is done in front of their premises), and to become, in a sense, inspectors. The citizens consider their city one of the cleanest in the world. Particularly excellent is the disposition of Buffalo's garbage. This work is so intimately connected with the public health that the people determined that it should be performed by an official of their own choosing, upon whom they could fasten direct responsibility. Naturally, the politicians, who see how many men are employed in this work, have assailed this feature of the charter, and have urged the Common Council to let the work out at contract, arguing that it can be done more economically. The proposition brought to the public memory the years of neglect and abuse that the people suffered under that discredited system, and this prevented the backward movement, though one branch of the Council voted for the change.

The new charter has created a Health Department, with a single head appointed by the Mayor. It has done effective and excellent work, and in this respect also the city has never been in such good condition as it is to-day. The Health Commissioner's powers for the abatement of nuisances and of whatever may imperil the general health are very large. The Fire Commissioners are three in number, two of one party and one of the other—a composition continued under the new charter because it has worked well. The party dominance shifts after considerable intervals. The commissioners are appointed by the Mayor. The result is the elimination of politics as nearly as is believed possible. For several years there has been no sign visible to the public that party interests have stood in the way of good service in the department.

There is no Board of Education in Buffalo. As is the case in San Francisco, the superintendent is elected for a term of three years, and has the general supervision of the department, the appointment of teachers from the list submitted by the school examiners, and he has also the power to remove teachers upon charges and after a hearing, though they have the right of appeal to the Mayor. This right of appeal is embodied in a clause which the shrewdest of the reformers tried hard to keep out, since such a right is subversive of discipline. The elective character of the superintendent's position is a feature to which the politicians have managed to hold on against the wish of many shrewd students of the case, who agree that the superintendent should be appointed by the Mayor. Others would have had, if they could, a board appointed with the right to choose a superintendent possessed of skill and experience. Fortunately the man who was elected is excellently fitted for his place, and is to be re-elected if he lives. The charter created a board of school examiners and inspectors to be appointed by the Mayor. In brief, their duties are the examination of applicants for teachers' places and the inspection of schools and school-houses. At frequent intervals they must inspect each school with regard to its cleanliness, ventilation, the prevention of overcrowding, and the methods of the teachers. They report to the Common Council, recommending whatever remedies or reforms are thought necessary. This is an independent board of five examiners. It is not thought that the charter of any other city creates just such a board, and for the first time in the history of public educational methods in this country we have here a plan for the competitive examinations of teachers. The Common Council builds the school-houses and buys the land therefor.

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